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*The Endpapers by PAUL WOODROFFE, and the initials cut on the wood by
HUGH ARNOLD.*



"‘Oh, oysters,’ said the carpenter,
‘We’ve had a pleasant run.’”

IF we can take the reviews, or the verdicts of those with whom we have personally come in contact, as any criterion of our popularity, we cannot lay down the editorial pen without reluctance.

He is a rash man who would tempt Providence, and it would be a tempting of Providence to go beyond our original promise. Our goal has been reached; the fourth number is now an accomplished fact, and nothing is left us but to bid our readers adieu. This we do with varied feelings. It is no light task to publish a volume of *THE QUARTO*, nor is the lightness of the task increased when the time for so doing can only be snatched with difficulty from that which rightly belongs to other pursuits. Hence the pleasure of freedom battles with the sadness of farewell. For those circumstances must be unusual in which we do not feel, in some degree, a strange pathos about the word "last."

Few explanations are necessary as we proffer this last volume. We have decided to make the edition strictly limited, and have endeavoured to overcome those peculiar obstacles lying in the way of our publication that are well known to the bulk of our readers, and, assisted by our publishers, to present the best that we can provide.

But our work is not accomplished till we have rendered our thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Coltart for permission to reproduce "The Sick Call;" to

the Editor of THE ART JOURNAL for the use of the block ; to Mr. C. Goldie, for permission to reproduce "Returning from Midnight Mass"; to Mr. Albert Lawless for permission to reproduce the two sketches ; to Messrs. Burns & Oates and Methuen & Co. for the kindly loan of blocks ; and to—

MR. W. H. BREWER

MR. WALTER CRANE

MR. JAMES DALE

MR. W. HAMILTON FYFE

MR. LAWRENCE HOUSMAN

MR. JOSEPH MOORAT

MR. R. C. MURRAY

PROF. FLINDERS PETRIE

PROF. ARTHUR PLATT

PROF. YORK POWELL

MR. W. ROTHENSTEIN

MR. W. W. RUSSELL

And MR. GLEESON WHITE

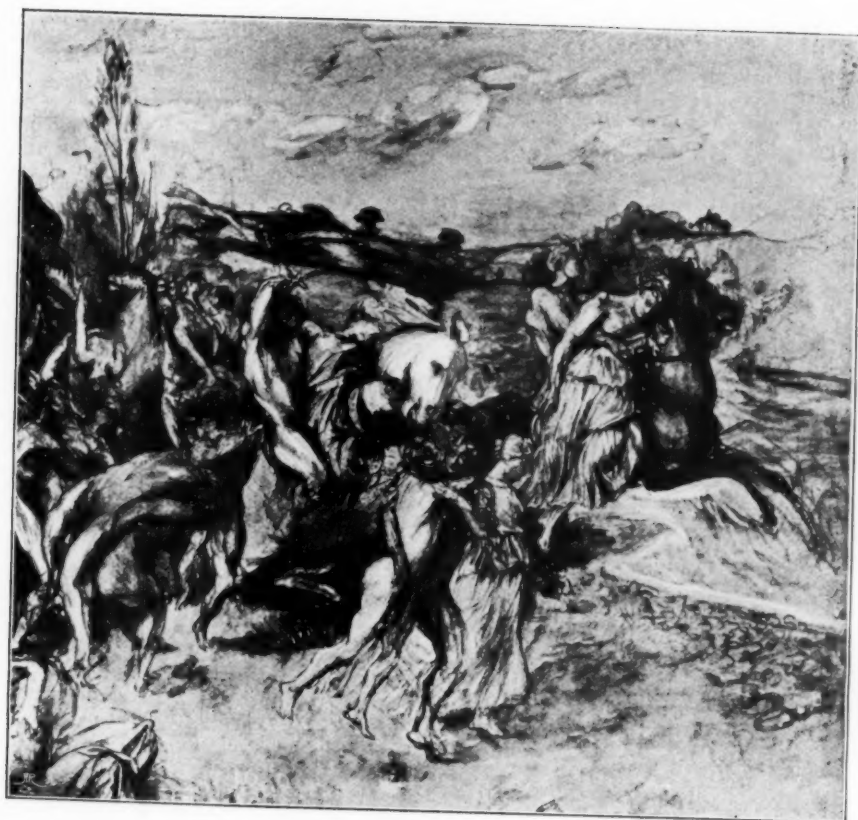
for their assistance in this number.

Πολλά δ' ἄλπτως κραίνουσι θεοί·
Καὶ τὰ δοκηθέντ' οὐκ ἐτελείσθη,
Τῶν δ' ἀδοκήτων πόρον ἦρε θεός.
Τοιόν δ' ἀπέβη τόδε πρᾶγμα.

J. BERNARD S. HOLBORN.



THE RAPE OF THE
SABINE WOMEN.
MISS E. WAUGH.



EGYPTIAN ART AND ITS VALUE.

THE characteristic art of each different country has its own special strength and weakness, and though any attempt to copy that strength by mere imitation is bound to fail, yet we may indirectly profit by noting what principles underlie the strength, and what errors or omissions have produced the weakness. The secret of profiting by the experience of others is in noting the causes of their success or failure—those causes which are common to human nature everywhere.

To illustrate this, look for instance at Japan. The strength and charm of the art there lies in a subdued and refined appeal to a sentiment without any attempt to force attention. A Japanese artist always seems to suggest a frame of mind sufficiently to awake a train of feeling without laying down too definite a subject. The very emblem of this is in their favourite gorgeous mysterious clouds of gold and deep colours. But it is equally true in their figures, as, for instance, the solitary stork flying across the sky with a wide space still before him, on the little tray or panel. Their aim is to start a vague sense of sentiment which may crystallise round any object already in the mind, "as from the depth of some divine despair," without the least shouting or forcing. Thus the subject may be passed by if the mind is occupied; and not being so definite in idea as to become hackneyed by being constantly before the eye, it yet may awake a line of reflection whenever it falls on a leisure mind. Charming and intimate as we feel this to be, its weakness is that it leads nowhither, but merely turns the mind back into itself, so that it never leaves a sense of insight or of increased power. It debilitates rather than invigorates. It leaves a taste of curiousness, but not any fresh ability.

Or, turning to Greek art, we know how the great strength of it lay in

the intuitive and exquisite elaboration of proportion, in form, in expression, in feeling; this is so familiar that it is needless to name it, except to note that this very strength becomes its weakness when not in the most supreme hands. This love of proportion and regularity tended to check and even suppress the beauty of variety by encouraging artificial systematising. It abolished the free robust vigour of the Mykenæan art, and replaced that by a style which became cold and insipid so soon as it passed into second-rate hands; it degraded the rich rolling spiral ornament of the old times into a severely mechanical fret or key pattern; it denaturalised the living lotus flower into a senseless "palmetto." All this development of a geometrical instinct could only be tolerated when it was handled with finest taste and the most living feeling. So soon as that faded its weakness appeared, and culminated in the terrible icy formalism of pseudo-classical copying.

Or again, see in Mediæval art—whether of East or of West, an Arabic illumination or a flamboyant west front—the grand strength of variety; a richness as of nature itself, which leaves no corner unfilled, an unceasing fulness, which is its glory and power. And yet this very abundance becomes in its decay a source of pitiful weakness, when it comes down to the disgustingly florid overloading of modern German taste; where ornament is piled on without the least trace of structure or of sense; and where the greatest incongruity, complexity, and confusion is thought to be the highest result.

In these three leading instances of totally separate styles we see how each has a strength wholly different, each peculiar to itself; and how that strength is its greatest weakness when it becomes formal. If we can imbue the mind with the principle of any one of these three styles, we may gain some of its spirit; but to merely copy its practice is to ensure falling into its weakness.

In the same way Egyptian art has its special strength, and its weakness. But in looking at it we must always remember that we must not confound together the characters of different periods, and that a wider interval separates the limits of what is termed "Egyptian art" than the ages between the Mykenæan work and that of modern Greeks. For over four thousand years the same system of art and of writing constantly decorated

the public and private buildings; and though in the latter times the principles had died, and only clumsy imitation was continued, yet for about two thousand five hundred years there was a living art varying from century to century, and bearing new features and styles in each successive revival.

The starting-point of Egyptian art is in the religious purpose of providing a life-like home for the wandering soul: if it could be satisfied with a form which so closely resembled the living person, then that statue might in its turn be served by other statues of servants, and fed by other images of food. Thus the pleasure of the soul was provided for by a Barmecide household ever watched by the glittering eye of the master in his statue. The closest copying of nature was then imperative, in order to satisfy the soul; and a school of sculpture arose which adopted every artifice that could give the semblance of life. The tender limestone was freely carved into vigorous and expressive forms, the surface was fully coloured with every detail of dress and of ornament displayed, and the eyes were copied by crystal balls showing a coloured iris behind them. The same taste reappeared in Italy in the sixteenth century, and in Jacobean England.

But with all this craving after realism the Egyptian felt the necessity of a certain vigour and schematic treatment to redeem his work from feebleness and indecision. This essential technicality was attained in sculpture by always working from a blocking out of the profile of the work in successive planes; the side-view silhouette was marked out, and cut down the front and back of the block; then the front-view silhouette was similarly cut down the sides; next the corners were similarly profiled, leaving an octagonal statue; and lastly the octagonal corners were removed, and curving faces joined up the original eight profiles. The trace of this method is left imprinted on the statuary in a tendency to successive points—as of shoulder, elbow, and hand—all falling in one plane. And this gives that dignified and solid character, which never once allowed the art to wander into claptrap or vulgarity. It is easy to see how such a severe system readily ran into cold formalism, and how such a mechanic method should easily survive the spirit that had created it.

In drawing, the essential technicality was the full flowing line, which

would be swept off without one pause or break from head to foot, pointing half-a-dozen muscles on the way. This firm, even, clear line always commands respect and gives dignity, even when it only copies the originating style of a master. And in a fine hand, where every curve was perfect in the thought and only needed expression, the sense of knowledge and ability which this powerful outline gives is most inspiring.

Now with these technical principles of work fixed, what may we state as the essential inspiration of Egyptian work? It always, in the first place,



bore the impress of a living character; in all but its most degraded times it carries a conviction of personality, and is never mere copying. And when this stringent realism of the early times gave place to more inventive feeling, in the thousand pretty trifles of the ages when luxury was widely spread, the motive was a full strong feeling for beauty and grace—a beauty of character in the expression more than a mere prettiness; a beauty that is often bewitching but never insipid; a beauty that is freely sensuous without ever being sensual. As compared with the Greek perception of beauty it is less intellectual, less tragic, less active; but, on the other hand, it

does not descend to the false heroic, or the coarsely comic platitudes which weary the soul in Greek art when it had passed its brief prime.

It is, then, this keen personal sense of the beauty of human form and expression, allied with the memory and firm hand that drew the unfaltering outline, and with the powerful sense of masses and of structural planes—it is these which gave to Egyptian art such vitality that it survived shock after shock, blossomed out after each eclipse with new taste and beauties during a longer course than all that we can trace in Europe, and yet had an old age of decay for many centuries after that. In even its late and



decadent time we see in some of the coarse and common undertaker's work such a fine sense of beauty, and so clear a handling, that we forget its degradation in the sight of its splendid traditions of works.

Let us turn to a few actual examples, that we may the better realise what the Egyptian aimed at, and how his strength showed itself. First note a piece of his early natural work, the head of a statue dating from about 3500 B.C. (see the plate, Fig. 1), which is exhibited at University College, London, while I write this. Note the firm, schematic style of it, united to such thorough personality and character. Remember that this was not made to please man, but as a home for the unsheltered soul in the

ever-dark dwelling of the tomb. I venture to doubt if any other treatment would not appear either frivolous or gloomy; the Egyptian has hit the golden mean of dignity with spirit.

Turn next to a later style, when much freedom had been lost, but a sweet graciousness of expression was sought. (Fig. 2.) This was just the handle of some toilet trifle, intended to be pleasing and nothing more. It is here enlarged about a third, as are also all the following pieces on this plate in order to show their character better. This sweet style was most followed in the time of the luxurious age of foreign dominion, about 1400 B.C. And we may instance, also, the charming head of a servant from a wall relief in a tomb (p. 12).

Of about the same age there is the good piece of drawing, showing negroes and Syrians bowing to the king (p. 13). Here the first rough blocking out, done in red, can be seen especially in the middle figures. After the blocking of the positions came the fine, firm outline traced in black at one sweep. The extraordinary fineness and firmness of these brush outlines (which may be well seen, on an outlined table at University College), show what perfect mastery of methods the Egyptian school gave its pupils.

We next come down to a late time of this art, and give four examples of it to show how, even in its enfeebled, artificial, and eclectic state, it still bears lessons in treatment. These pieces belong to about 600 B.C., and all of them, from Figs. 2 to 6, can be seen at the College. Fig. 3. is slightly and rapidly done, but gives the spirit of some ancient *gamin* to all time; the sweet impudence and simplicity of it is helped by the sketchiness of the work. The forepart of a lion (Fig. 4) is a noble study; it was probably copied from a celebrated statue, as there are other examples in the same pose, though very inferior in handling. The upper part of a man (Fig. 5) is one of the most vigorous works ever done on so small a scale. The model was the fan-bearer of a king, who stood at the king's right hand to keep off the flies, and the importunate of mankind as well. The desperate energy and imperiousness of his features and attitude, the tense muscles and determined air, all show his character as manager of the court, yet all this is obviously the action of a servant, anxious to be indispensable in his services; it has none of the higher dignity and will of a royal figure. In Fig. 6 is a delicate and pleasing statuette of a young



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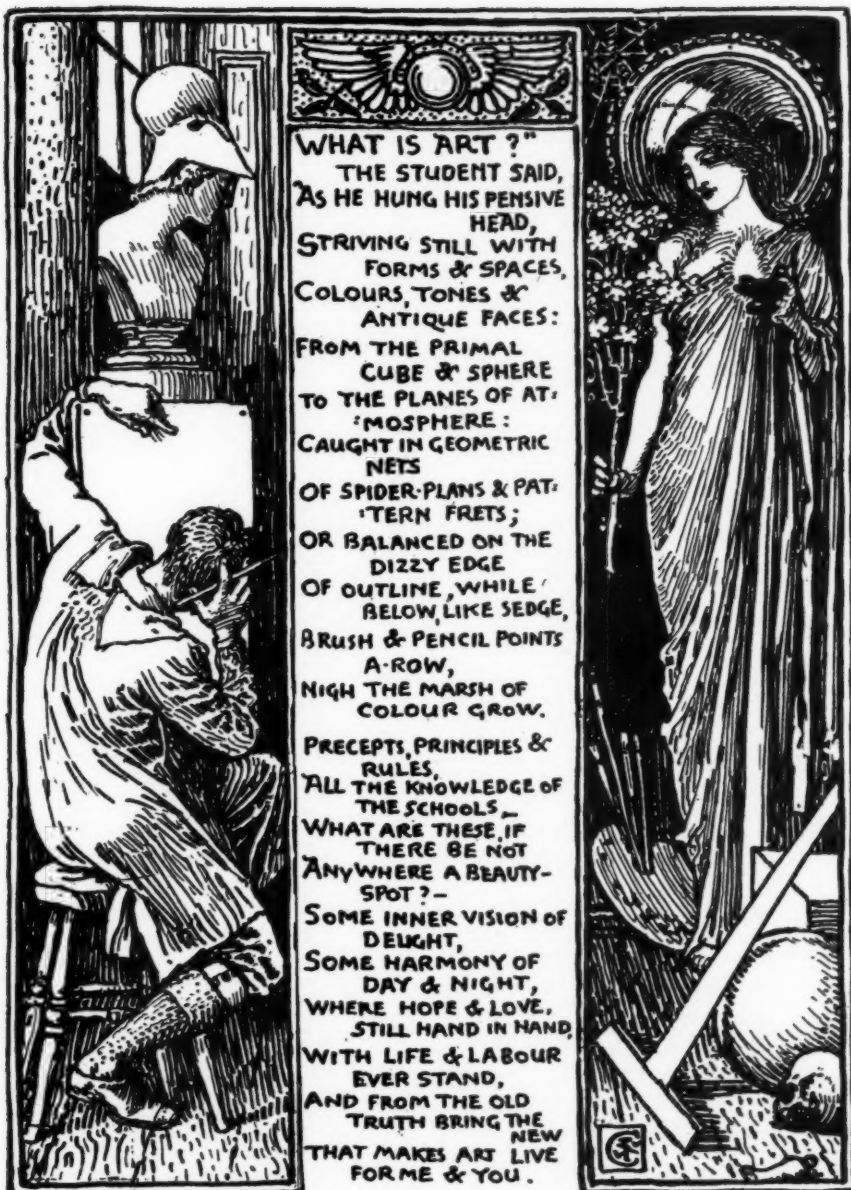
king, showing the largeness of style in these tiny works. When it is remembered that all this character and effect is put into a much smaller space than the enlargement on the plate, and that after the modelling it has been successfully glazed over with a brilliant surface without choking or hiding the detail, we see what technical perfection they reached in manipulation as well as in the fulness of character and expression which was given to each little object. Above all, there is nothing harsh, nothing coarse, nothing forced in all of these. True dignity and power and living insight is reached, without a flaw or a stumble within the scheme and style which was adopted. Here lies a lesson for those who can catch the spirit of it.



SNOWDROP.

A. E. JOHN.





WHAT IS ART ?

THE STUDENT SAID,
AS HE HUNG HIS PENSIVE
HEAD,
STRIVING STILL WITH
FORMS & SPACES,
COLOURS, TONES &
ANTIQUE FACES:
FROM THE PRIMAL
CUBE & SPHERE
TO THE PLANES OF AT-
MOSPHERE:
CAUGHT IN GEOMETRIC
NETS
OF SPIDER-PLANS & PAT-
TERN FRETS;
OR BALANCED ON THE
DIZZY EDGE
OF OUTLINE, WHILE
BELOW, LIKE SEDGE,
BRUSH & PENCIL POINTS
A-ROW,
NIGH THE MARSH OF
COLOUR GROW.

PRECEPTS, PRINCIPLES &
RULES,
ALL THE KNOWLEDGE OF
THE SCHOOLS -
WHAT ARE THESE, IF
THERE BE NOT
ANYWHERE A BEAUTY-
SPOT ? -

SOME INNER VISION OF
DELIGHT,
SOME HARMONY OF
DAY & NIGHT,
WHERE HOPE & LOVE,
STILL HAND IN HAND,
WITH LIFE & LABOUR
EVER STAND,
AND FROM THE OLD
TRUTH BRING THE
NEW
THAT MAKES ART LIVE
FOR ME & YOU.

THE ZEIT-GEIST.

THE zeit-geist: we all know of him. It is past arguing now that there must be a zeit-geist. Every zeit, it is clear, has got to have a geist: one geist, not three geists, nor half-a-dozen geists. The thing is to catch him. Many have thrown their fly over him, and have failed to get a rise; at the most an absent-minded nibble has rewarded them: he has, as it were, only talked to them in his sleep.

There was a decade when Martin Tupper, prophesying to millions of the middle-classes, was supposed, by them, to have caught permanent hold of him; but, somehow, he appears now to have let go. Browning tickled for him; but having an archaic passion for the zeit-geists of all the preceding centuries, seems to have missed his mark rather, when he aimed at that of our own. Still, his tickling was an exhibition of fine art. One fancies the zeit-geist still feels tickled by Browning, now that Browning has joined the classics.

Some of the zeit-geist's pursuers dislike him profoundly, and endeavour to run him to earth as they would a Colorado beetle: Ruskin and Carlyle have been of these. Others follow him with open mouths, and yawps of barbaric admiration; Mr. T. P. O'Connor and Mr. John Davidson are performers in this more up-to-date way of looking at things. Between these two classes stands another:—worshippers of indigestion, one is tempted to call its members. To them Clough and Matthew Arnold are leading spirits. Somewhere about the middle of this century civilization began priggishly to discover that it was getting old: that the ends of the world were upon its head, and that its head was getting bald. It had dyed itself all the orthodox colours of the rainbow, only to find that every one wore off in time. And what a wail is raised over the loss of its cosmetics! Thereafter *fin de siècle* cropped up as a blessed word wherewith to describe the unsatisfied longings and unfulfilled ends of modern human existence. The zeit-geist, who up till then had been merely a "Snark," now became

a "Boojum": people who set to work hunting him "lost their faith," broke their hearts, disappeared, died.

So it came about that the expression of doubt and dissatisfaction was considered to be the voice of the zeit-geist speaking. A man with sufficient misery in his temperament was hauled in to rank as a philosopher and a clincher of the arguments of life. Clough and Matthew Arnold, both men of genius, the former dissatisfied with everything, the latter with everything except himself, were supposed to be prophets, and to have the Word in them. Most of their cultured contemporaries who survive think so still: but the younger culture has gone off at a tangent. "The C major of life" is recovering itself, we are told; and before the end of the century the Arnold-cum-Clough zeit-geist may see itself spiritually tarred and feathered and burnt for a Guy Fawkes. Yet, for all that, the truth may be neither here nor there. It requires a very subtle spirit-level to discover exactly where the zeit-geist resides among the ups and downs of life.

What I wonder at is that the people should take the trouble to hunt the zeit-geist at all. He may have no real permanence or significance whatever. To-day he is largely the result of free-spoken democracy, of voluble congregated diversity of opinion, the fretting and roughing-up the wrong way, by the minority, of the majority. I am tempted to define the zeit-geist as the indigestion of the intellectual middle-classes—in a word, of the religious and social Grundies. It is the work of the intellectual minority always to give a bad time to the majority, on the qualms of whose conscience it thrives.

In Arnold's time the middle-classes began to wish to have their sons cultivated (not ploughed) in the fields of learning: but they feared terribly that cultivation would weaken the knees of orthodoxy. Therefore, the zeit-geist of the Arnold period got a sporting chance, and threw its romantic wail between the two.

Then, in our own time, the day before yesterday, came "Decadence"; Beardsley broke out into exquisite stencils, white on a black Tom Tiddler's ground. *That* the majority could neither stand nor understand: instinct told them they could not do the first; reason told them, therefore, that they had no reason to attempt the second. The very thing stood self-condemned

in its name. Decadence—degeneration! the zeit-geist had thrown off the mask with a vengeance! What an attack of him we got! Nordau had come to explain everything: he was a godsend. The multitude heard its own inarticulate attempts to bray grow articulate out of his mouth, and, for joy, could barely believe its ears. "Bless thee, Bottom, thou art translated!" was the quotation that rose to one's lips on beholding the ass-headed bully so suited with a vocal mirror; and, sincerely, the creature was to be congratulated upon the fact. As the majority had found a ventilation to its wrath, the care of the minority was clearly to provide fuel for the flames. And a very industrious little minority ran "decadence" for all (and more than) it was worth.

Yet it would seem now that we are much where we were before. We have been "marking time," wishing to be good marksmen: but we have not brought down the zeit-geist.

Like the poor, the zeit-geist is always with us, but not of us. He bites like a flea, but eludes our blundering attempts to catch him. I set out in the hope of finding an adhesive label for him: I thought I had the true salt of the earth wherewith his tail was to be salted. But I have it not.

The truth is, when we begin to hunt for the zeit-geist our eyes get out of focus; we squint and see our own noses, and straightway gird up our loins and follow them. "Before all things," says Nora, the heroine of the "Doll's House," when wishing to ignore the undigested facts that she was a wife and a mother,—“Before all things I am a woman!” If she had gone a little more to the root of things she would have said—“Before all things I was a baby!” So let not the true man of his age fear to take the plunge she avoided, and say that, before all things, in the present time, he is a baby. Wise as to the past, ignorant as to the future, a nursling as to the present, this is his lot in life. He can read the dead languages better than the page of life thrust too near to his nose. He can see the foolishness of other ages; his own foolishness he cannot see. He is the heir of the past; but the present he cannot realise, it is tied up on mortgage.

On the whole the zeit-geist is the thing you should avoid trying to catch hold of. It is a very millstone round your neck; cling to it, and it

sinks you. It is the wrong sort of support altogether; yet there are people who exalt it into a faith. They remind one of the preacher who went down to a fishing-village and preached to the natives a sermon of local colour. And this was the choice heap of wisdom he heaved at their heads: "When the thunder rolls, and the tempest rages, and the waves rise high and break over the ship so that she begins to sink;—then, cling to the anchor, my friends! cling to the anchor, and you will be saved!"

His audience knew better; but perhaps a literary audience does not. If you cling to the zeit-geist you will be, on dry land, only about as well off as those who, at sea, cling to the anchor.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.



MOTHER FOAT.
F. C. DICKINSON.

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SABELLA. MISS

NELLIE SYRETT.



DANIEL DEFOE.

WE all know one book of Defoe's, and have come under his spell long before we came to think of him as a person, or to mark his place in English letters. Yet his life and aims have their interest too, though, like all real writers, he put his best into his work, and let his peccant humours infect only his own mortality.

Defoe not only wrote *Robinson Crusoe*, the outcome of many and many ensuing novels of adventure, and so planted a branch of letters that has flourished exceedingly (for what are boys' stories, from Stevenson back to Marryat, but prolific seedlings of his golden bough?), but he founded our modern biographical novel in his story of the Blessed Woman (for so that artful unregenerate, the old apple-seller of Lavengro's youth tenderly christened her), and laid open the track that Fielding and Richardson, Austen and Thackeray and Dickens, and more beyond reckoning, have travelled to their profit and ours. Further, he was the originator in England of that curious type of essay to which Steele and Addison owe their lasting fame, and Goldsmith and Charles Lamb most of their perennial charm.

Nor is his distinction as a romancer and essayist his sole claim to our gratitude, for his incessant and multifarious activities cover the whole sphere of journalism and popular instruction. He was, indeed, never wearied of trying to enlighten and amuse his public. He would turn you out, in the captivating form of narrative, whole treatises on African and South American geography, in which Madagascar and Patagonia were pointed out as fields for British enterprise; he would put together the best gazetteer of his native country that had yet been projected or executed, all compiled from personal knowledge, during fifteen circuits, three

complete tours, and five visits to Scotland and the North. He understood and made use of the attraction of history put into literary form. He wrote a practical guide to business, such as Cobbett himself could not surpass.

He was active in practical matters. He got a Copyright Bill and a Bankruptcy Act passed. He had much to say, and said it vigorously and yet inoffensively, on education (higher and lower) for women as well as men, on Temperance, on Charity Organization, on Pauperism, on Hygiene and Police; and it was not his fault if statesmen left these questions almost untouched till they were forced on them in later days by blatant and unpleasant facts. The Science of Conduct interested and concerned him greatly. His views on Courtship, Marriage, and Family Life, while often narrow and sometimes wholly mistaken, are not to be passed over as the idle suggestions of amateur philanthropy, but must be looked on as the sober conclusions of an earnest and observant, if limited mind.

As to his political industry, it was immense. For more than forty years he fought in the forefront of the battle, not without shrewd scars and sore peril, for he was the most powerful pamphleteer of his time, whether in prose or verse, wielding the pen political as effectively in his day as Swift and Junius and Burke in theirs. He did genuine service for his hero, William the Deliverer; he advocated wisely and in no narrow spirit the cause of English Trade at home and abroad; he wrote and talked and worked on behalf of the Parliamentary Union with Scotland; he stood up valiantly for Free Speech, for Toleration as a right. He upheld, in a hundred ways, the cause of Common Sense and Fair Play so plainly, so persistently, so plausibly, that in spite of Pope's cowardly and mendacious sneer, the pillory became to him an everlasting honour, and to his persecutors an enduring disgrace. Well-nigh the whole field of the *Vita Activa* was covered by his restless energy, and what he did he did with his might.

In the sphere of the *Vita Contemplativa*, Defoe was not quite so happily placed. His religious speculations and ethical theories are strangely childish, though but little more so than those of his contemporaries; for, to speak the truth (as he would say), he never got beyond the ordinary moral

and theological standpoint of an intelligent and consistent eighteenth-century nonconformist. In spite of a slight leaning to mysticism, a mighty curiosity as to the mythology of his creed, and a firm belief in a daimōn (not unlike that of Socrates) that warned him and counselled him, a psychologic phenomenon that was part of his curious personality and of a kind one is not yet quite ready to explain, Defoe's soul was, as it were, earth-bound.

Of his life, in spite of his cunning reticence, we know something, thanks to the industry of a succession of devoted admirers, who have pieced together scattered scraps of testimony into something like a complete biography. Born in Fore Street, Cripplegate, into a puritan household—his parents (of whom one at least had the Low-country blood in him) were grave, careful, God-fearing folks, who wished to train their clever son for the office of minister in the peculiar form of Christianity they preferred. The sturdy children with whom he played and fought, as he tells us, learnt him one lesson he remembered, that of never hitting a man when he is down. The school at Stoke Newington where he passed five years, was kept by that notable rank Independent, and polite and profound scholar, Charles Norton (later vice-president of Harvard College), who, like a sensible man, taught his pupils their work in the shortest way, discarding all pedantry, and especially drilling them soundly in mathematics and the tongues ancient and modern, so that they might at least possess the keys of knowledge. In 1676 came the choice of a calling, when, refusing steadily (for what reason we know not, but wisely as one can see) to take up the ministry, the young fellow, though he had overcome the difficulties that bar the way to the learned professions, chose to go into trade, whereby, after he had learnt his business, he became a wholesale hosier.

He married on New Year's Day, 1684, at St. Botolph's, Aldgate, one Mary Tuffley, a woman who seems to have been unable to suit herself wholly to his temper, but who bore him a family of whom at least one daughter was always very near to his heart. He commenced authorship as soon as he was his own master, and being a zealous partisan was concerned in the movement that all hot Whigs were favouring, Monmouth's ill-managed rising. By lying quiet for a while, travelling abroad and busying himself with trade, he had the luck to escape the fate of several of his friends and

former schoolfellows ; but he soon began pamphleteering again, both in prose and verse. He founded a chapel at Tooting, in 1688, and when the Revolution relieved the Whigs from their bigoted oppressors, his devotion and gratitude to the Dutch king were freely and openly expressed. But too great generosity, met, as often, by treachery, now brought disaster, and in 1692 Defoe was bankrupt for £17,000, a large sum for those days. His courage never flagged ; he resolved to pay his creditors, and soon did so ; he took up new enterprises, was busy over big tileworks at Chadwell near Tilbury in 1694, and over his new house and garden at Hackney. And still his interest in the world, political and social, never flagged ; he wrote year after year, month after month, verse and prose ; his best poem, "The True-born Englishman," gained him the personal friendship of the King he justly admired and bravely defended ; while his best piece of political prose, the *Short Way with Dissenters*, brought him to the pillory and prison in 1703. But his room at Newgate was but an editor's sanctum to Defoe, who met all fortunes with a smiling face and a cool head, and his famous journal, the *Review*, was then set a-foot. Out again in 1704, he was kept continually busy with his paper, his plans of reform, his projects. He had become a power, his tongue and pen were valuable. His pretty turn for controversy is admirably shown in his passage with my lord Faversham, "the dog that bayed at the moon that gave him light," the man that was "raised without merit and advanced without honour," a miserable stinking blue-bottle embalmed in the translucent amber of Defoe's prose. Government could not but make use of such a staunch and strong ally. Harley employed him to forward the cause of the Parliamentary Union with Scotland, and he was soon busy, paying repeated visits to Edinburgh, to the very great advantage of his country, his party, and his patron. Then, at home again, we find him attacking Sacheverell, "doing his duty," as he says, "in exposing the doctrines that oppose God and the Revolution, such as Passive Obedience to Tyrants and Non-resistance in cases of Oppression." The definite importance of his political work is shown by the fact that Harley, who knew what he was about, paid him on a higher scale than he did Swift ; but he was not a whit the more puffed up. He had by this time gained plenty of enemies, inspired by envy and paltry prejudice, and by that malicious ignorance that accompanies these. And

he had (as he says) seen the rough side of the world as well as the smooth,—

“No man has tasted different fortunes more,
And thirteen times I have been rich and poor.”

About the end of 1711 Defoe went to Bristol, and there, at Dr. Damain Daniel's house in St. James's Square, had a momentous meeting with a Scottish sailor named Mr. Alexander Selcraig, or Selkirk, who had been marooned on Juan Fernandez, and passed four years and four months there alone till he was brought home that October by Dampier, the well-remembered navigator. Selkirk sold his papers to Defoe, who set them aside for future use. For there was peril at the door; the very probable Jacobite succession, and all that it meant to a man of Defoe's faith and views, was a matter that must be dealt with swiftly and sharply, and Defoe buckled on his armour readily enough; three damaging pamphlets raked the Highflyers cruelly. But again his irony betrayed him; his friends mistook, or pretended to mistake, his intent; he was arrested (not without difficulty) and clapped into Newgate once more, this time under sentence for libel, as a favourer of the Pretender, April 22, 1713. But this second imprisonment was over in eight months, busy months: his *Mercury* and *Flying Post* continued the mission of the *Review*; a sharp tussle with Swift (not to Swift's advantage), and a set of letters in which Defoe played the congenial part of a quaker, kept his pen and his colleague's (for he had one, as he tells us) in constant employment, while he dabbled, as usual, risking his interest and money, in trade or speculation.

He was in no small danger as the crisis drew to a head, and was actually committed to prison for warning his countrymen against the Jacobite plan for getting control of the Irish army, when the Queen died and the unready Tories lost their one great chance. The strain had been severe no doubt, and at the end of 1714, Defoe had a rather severe apoplectic attack. On his recovery he entered Townshend's employ, under whom he served till 1726 as a Government spy and agent among the Jacobites, working at *Mist's Journal*. All he wrote hitherto had been capably and keenly planned and well thought out, and he had proved himself a journalist of more than ordinary powers, the ablest journalist in England if you will, but no

more. Had he died in 1714 he would hardly have anticipated his name surviving among the notable names of our literature. He would have been left with Ward and Brown and Tutchin, the good Tryon, and a host of other publicists and gazetteers of the day to the contemptuous eyeglass of the weary historian trying to study his period in contemporary sources.

It is strange this—that a busy, hardworking journalist with a strong interest in speculative trade, a man that had “had his losses too,” a working politician, deep in the confidence of ministers, with an unrivalled knowledge of the many evershifting currents of public opinion, a person whose every moment was occupied with exciting business, should, after a long career, suddenly develop new and unexpected powers and proceed, at the age of sixty, to create a new branch of literature, with a masterpiece! Yet this was what happened. In 1719 *Robinson Crusoe* came out, founded on the old Selkirk papers obtained in 1711; and then, for more than a decade, volume after volume, two or three a year, of astonishing and varied interest, manifested their author's complete and fully developed powers. Biography, adventure, history, geography, practical conduct of life,—Defoe deals with all and does well in each: *Duncan Campbell*, *The Memoirs of a Cavalier*, *Captain Tyttle*, 1720; *Moll Flanders*, 1721; *Religious Courtship*, *The Journal of the Plague*, *Colonel Jack*, 1722; *Peter the Great*, *Rob Roy*, 1723; *Roxana*, and the *Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain*, divided into circuits or journeys, giving a particular and entertaining account of whatever is curious and worth observation; *Letters on the Behaviour of Servants*, *Cartouche the Highway Robber*, *Jack Sheppard the Prison-breaker*, all in 1724; *Wild the Thief-taker*, *Gowe the Pirate*, *The New Voyage round the World*, *The Complete Tradesman*, in 1725. In 1726 *The Political History of the Devil*, *The General History of the Principal Discoveries and Improvements in the Useful Arts*; in 1727 the *Treatise on Matrimony*, an *Essay on Apparitions*, *Augusta Triumphans* (schemes for London improvements); *The Plan of English Commerce*, in 1728; the *Complete English Gentleman*, a *Treatise on the Needs and Possibilities of Capable Education for the Upper Classes*, in 1729. In 1730 Defoe, who had been in trouble from his enemies ever since 1726, when some of his secret political dealings were discovered and used to his discredit, fearing lest his family should suffer by any attacks which might injure his property,

made over his estate and belongings to his son Daniel in trust for his mother and sisters, and went into hiding. Daniel behaved badly, and the old man, with health threatened by a quartan, and with affections sorely wounded, felt, perhaps for the first time, that death was at hand and not unwelcome.

"I am so near my journey's end, and am hastening to the place where the weary are at rest and the wicked cease to trouble; be it that the voyage is rough and the day stormy, but what way soever He please to bring me to the end of it, I desire to finish life with this temper of soul in all cases, *Te Deum Laudamus*." He had not long to wait. He died in 1731, in the parish he was born in.

Mr. Lee's big list of over two hundred works, beside seven newspapers and forty pamphlets and the like, shows Defoe's industry, an industry with which it is hard to keep pace. Many of his writings, of course, treated of the politics, home and foreign, of the day, and much of their interest is gone, but among the rest there are *Robinson Crusoe*, the three great novels of life, *The History of the Cavalier and of the Plague*, *The Tour through Great Britain*, *The Complete Tradesman*, and the two little ghost stories of Mrs. Veal and Dorothy Dingley; his two best poems, "The True-born Englishman" and "Jure Divino," and his famous pamphlet, *A Short Way with Dissenters*. A goodly mass of literary baggage for one man, all, as Lamb said, "good kitchen reading," and all vivid and interesting. His homespun style has a peculiar charm, and I must confess I am disposed to judge his prose (of his verse I shall speak later) more favourably than some competent critics have done. I can see the blemishes, of course, the careless sentences, the superfluity of words, the useless repetition, the long-winded explanations, the fond love of details, even when they are useless, the *faiblesse* for didactic, for like a true-born Englishman, Defoe yielded too often to the sin that most easily besets us, our darling English sin of "preaching," the sin that has earned us an unpleasant national reputation for cant which clings to us in spite of certain well-meant and vigorous efforts made of late years to escape from the taint. Defoe could not write a long story, he flags as Scott does, and begins to lose his own interest. Further, he can be dull though he is never stupid. Yet granting all these defects, how little they affect his hold on us. He was an artist, and

his art seldom entirely forsook him. How delightful, even to a boy or girl, his charming familiarity, his cunning *naïveté*, his prosy but enticing garrulity, his pet phrases, his apt and singular anecdotes and occasional bits of autobiography! How terse he can be, how lightly he slips in a touch that gives colour as it were to a whole page; how excellently in keeping is the whole composition and play of motive! What a living reality there is in the man's work! The careless mariner, wrecked and alone, is a plain man with his work-a-day deeds and his simple thoughts, yet the record of his life is so intense that it almost becomes an allegory in the reader's mind, as indeed Defoe claims it to be. The "gentlest of savages," the courtly Spaniard, the selfish brutal British ruffian, who is brought at last under Fate's strict discipline and turned into a very decent fellow, the fervent but tolerant young priest—who can forget them any more than the unfading incidents of the solitary life before Friday came? Less known but as wonderful are such pieces in the other books, as the childlife of the pretty spoilt little girl "that would be a gentlewoman"; and of the ragged, keen-witted street arab "that slept in the glass-house" and earned his precarious living as a very honest, kindly, innocent little thief: there is the poor wretch cast for the gallows, laughing and singing in her reckless despair; there is the good-hearted old "fence"; the lazy squireen who had not even wit to make a successful highwayman; the lovely adventuress displaying her finery and accomplishments with excusable and graceful vanity before indulgent royalty; the servant maid with her careless, luckless fidelity. There are scenes in France, in Virginia, on shipboard, in London, in country towns; that Northern ride of the two young scamps is more interesting than Master Naylor's famous gallop. Heathen, Moslim, Catholics, quakers, landlords, ostlers, pirates, sea captains, soldiers, sailors, merchants, planters, slaves, Jews, poor folk, noblemen, honest and dishonest, good and bad, jostle each other in Defoe's pages as they do in real life. He had a beautiful humane interest in life; he watched, with sympathy far more tender than his official religious views would have admitted, the ups and downs of fortune, and sadly but surely spied out the tiny chink that lets Fate creep into the best-guarded and most carefully built citadel of happiness. He had all Balzac's fondness for circumstantial detail and business transactions, and he knew as well as Adam Smith that love of gain is one of the main springs of the

brisk action going on so restlessly around us. He was quick to note the significance of little traits of character, of small events that at first sight seem meaningless. He had read his own heart narrowly, and could understand the force of temptation, the false security of self-deceit, the slow rise of character and the sudden fall of those that seem to stand as rocks earth-fast; and while he condemns, for the sake of his ethical theories and for example, he is not the man to withhold a brotherly hand even from those whom he believes (often wrongly) to have sinned most deeply.

As an advocate he shows skill almost matchless among British controversialists, his eye ever on the jury whose weaknesses and prejudices he has fathomed at the first glance; nor will he close his case without a spice of sound hard reasoning to suit the bench whose favour he does not mean to lose. Now he is full of consideration for his adversary, now he is gently ironic, now he diverts the issue by a little kindly banter or chatter. Then, in a moment, he draws himself up, plain-spoken and peremptory, and with swift and sharp decision of word and gesture, drives his point home to the hilt; but through it all, never, in his anxiety to get his verdict, overstepping the limit of fair play and good manners, never for an instant losing the respect of his audience or of himself. We trust, and rightly trust,—

“To Truth, to Nature, and Defoe.”

As an Historian he chiefly excels in seizing and presenting the essential colour and temper of the times he describes, and in skilful use of tiny scraps of significant evidence, of bits of reminiscence, of morsels of oral tradition, so that he gives us more than fact and enables us to get a glimpse at motive and the direction of the forces at work. Only the greater historians have done this, and they have not always been among the best writers of their age.

As a Journalist he was as keen for “copy,” as pushing and as crafty in the matter of advertisement and *réclame*, as the most modern of his successors. He meant to hold the market, if good writing and a quick perception of the public taste could do it, and he was successful. He never let anything slip that he fancied might turn up useful. He would visit Jack Sheppard in Newgate, journey to Bristol to see Mr. Alexander Selkirk, search out the particulars of the lives of those he came across

in the chances of his journeys, in his prisons, in the tavern, in the minister's cabinet, at court, on change, or among his suburban or country neighbours. Not the least of his feats, nor the least popular, are his biographies of notorious criminals, which seem indeed to have led to the production of that veritable social history of eighteenth-century England, the *Newgate Calendar*. And, indeed, as Defoe was interested in every plane of life, and had the power of interesting others, he was never at a loss for attractive matter.

As a writer of didactic and satiric verse Defoe has perhaps been undervalued, his ear is so faulty, his lines are so uncouth, he hammers away at the same thought so long; but he has been freely imitated, and plenty of his vigorous couplets have passed into general circulation. Of course he was not a poet in one sense at all; the Muses never loved him, he was deaf to the lyric cry, never touched by the divine frenzy. He simply got hold of a subject which he felt the rhetorical force of his couplet would drive into his readers' heads, and he hacked away quickly and roughly enough at his material till he put it into couplet shape, and his copy of verses so done, red-hot to print it went, and when it came out it did not fail of its desired effect. The man who could pen his best lines dwelt no further from Parnassus than Cicero or Voltaire, and though his ear was not as good as Oldham's or Johnson's, his performance was often not below their level. He had something to say, and he managed, in spite of his difficulty with metre, to say it, so that there can be no mistake about it. He may have been wrong to write verse at all, but he chose it practically, as Theognis chose it, as the vehicle that would carry his ideas the most widely. His heroics and Bunyan's doggrel alike served their authors' ends.

"What was the man's standpoint? What were the ideas he held and proclaimed?" "What is his significance in his time?" When Defoe began to write, the Elizabethan Italianate tide had ebbed, and the Caroline French flood was coming up swiftly. Waller and Butler had set the new fashion in verse that Rochester (a man of fine talent, as Defoe rightly held) and Dryden (a master of full, robust diction) had brought to smooth perfection. Milton's notorious pamphlets and the paper wars of the time, chiefly carried on over political and religious questions, in numberless sermons and tracts, had brought in a new prose, a prose that Dryden and the great authors again had learnt to write with a careless and comely ease; though

they are, I think, far excelled by Bunyan's homely and classic pith. For the poor tinker's style is the more natural, and, to my mind, the most delightful English of the century.

Defoe's instruments lay all ready to his hand. Shaftesbury, the father of all Whiggery, had systematized the ideas that Defoe and the great party of progress maintained and cherished for more than a century. Locke had followed Bacon's lead, and put the search for knowledge on a higher footing. The dazzling genius of Newton was soon to compel the assent of the educated to the New Science. The long and fierce religious struggle was over, the dirty destructive flood of bigotry was draining slowly but surely away, and, though the stagnant sloughs and noisome puddles of prejudice still marked its passage, the dry land was appearing. In every direction fresh interests were getting hold of the younger generation; to clever, quick-brained, busy, shrewd people, everywhere, the possibilities of trade and commerce were more attractive than the old theological squabbles whose bitter fruit they knew too well. The fathers had eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth, happily for them, were set on edge. The sects, one and all, had failed in their premises.

The reign of the saints had proved as intolerable as the old way of Canaan. Tacitly, if not openly, the aged controversies were allowed to drop, so far as they effected theory; there were more hopeful fields for energy ahead. It was the Dutch and English that first grasped the facts, saw their possibilities, and pushed out boldly, risking blood and gold in the lottery that the lands of the Pagan, the misbeliever, and the Catholic King, presented to the merchant adventurer and his supporters, devoting time and toil to the patient task of enlarging trade, increasing and cheapening production, destroying mediæval barriers, that once useful and defensive, were now but fetters to the interests whose healthy growth they dangerously compressed. Spain was no longer a dreaded rival; France might be outstripped in the race; those must win that first make up their minds to count the cost, that cast off all the silly prepossessions and ignorances that cumber new enterprises, and so prepared, put it boldly to the touch. Defoe saw and felt all this, and made it his business to do for his generation what Alfred the King had tried to do for his. He gave it the means of self-culture, and so supplied the equipment it needed. He

knew the time was coming when it would depend upon the shrewdness, thrift, honesty, perseverance, and self-restraint of Englishmen, whether or no they would distance their rivals, seize their full share of the trade and commerce of the world, and set up those establishments that were to knit the far off continents east and west to our little Archipelago in the North Atlantic.

The task was, of course, not uncongenial. Defoe loved to preach (even in the midst of his romances and lives of robbers) like any Newgate ordinary; but the burden of his parable was not ignoble, he insisted that life was real, that men and women had largely the shaping of their own future, here and (as he supposed) hereafter; that much is possible to courage, wit, knowledge and perseverance; that wickedness, laziness, and folly are pretty sure to meet their punishment even in this world, and (as Stevenson wisely said) "generally folly first." Of these maxims Defoe never had the slightest doubt, and with a sturdy reliance on himself, a strong prejudice in favour of fair play, and an unshaken trust in the absurdly wooden Puritan God in whom he believed, they formed his own simple, but exceedingly practical philosophy of life, a creed perhaps easier to believe in than to act up to.

The effect of his work was probably greater than we can easily admit, for the man had energy and faith enough to move men and mountains. How many sluggish brains has he not roused, how many young minds has he not stimulated, how many weak ones has his charitable, friendly counsel heartened up, to how many mean ones has he not shown the advantages of truth, mercy, and charity? The spirit in which he did his own work comes out in his own words.

There have been plenty of honest men in England with a love of preaching, whose work has done harm in every way, by its incurable dulness by the idiocy of its expression, as well as by the folly of its substance. This man was a good preacher because he was a fine artist, not because he felt strongly, or because his general notions were true. It is necessary to state this plainly because the popular creed of Gath and Ascalon formulates the absolute necessity of holding the opposite opinion.

To his own generation Defoe was a very Diderot, an indefatigable encyclopædist, providing, as far as he could, sound useful knowledge; but

when he found that what interested him was also of interest to others, and brought grist to the mill, he was not unready to give free play to his artistic instinct. No one, save the specialist, reads Diderot's gigantic *Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*, written before steam-driven machinery, and there is no need to reprint Defoe's practical books, there are later volumes of greater use on the same subjects; but one is never tired of that truly Shakespearian creation *Le neveu de Rameau*, and as long as there is a boy with a boyish mind left, *Robinson Crusoe* must be a favourite. Nor is it unsafe to predict that as long as English novelists read novels there will always be an appreciative, if more restricted, audience for the fortunes and misfortunes of the truly honourable Colonel Jack, the famous Mrs. Flanders, and the notorious Mademoiselle de Belau, called afterwards the Countess of Wintelsheim, in Germany. Surely none but Meisshold has equalled him in producing the tone of the past life he is describing.

And the man himself that did all this work? Curiously enough, we know his outward form best from the proclamation in which a reward was offered for his arrest. It describes him as of middle size and spare build, with dark complexion and hair beneath the wig, grey eyes, hook nose, sharp chin, with a large wen near the mouth. We are told that he bore a striking resemblance to William the Third, his patron and admiration; but, unlike William, he was a healthy man, of sound constitution—singularly active of body, a good rider, a fine fencer (once at least he fought his man, and, like O'Connell, repented ever after). That he was capable of bearing fatigue and labour well we can easily believe. Of his habits and tastes his works reveal much; we know he was a great reader and had a fine library of his own; not a great talker, save probably on occasion, when his love of quotation and his great range of book-learning was marked. Of a healthy palate, no smoker, a lover of fine dress, exceeding neat and clean, a good waterman (he kept his own pleasure boat), an excellent gardener, chosen to help Queen Mary to lay out her gardens at Kensington. He liked a good house and everything roomy, plain, and comfortable about him. His writing is remarkably neat, clear, upright, and round, with a certain elegance that bespeaks his complete mastery of his fingers. He used shorthand and many contractions, for he was a man that had large masses of copy to turn out, and could depend, for the most part, on no one but

himself. That he was restless and would be always stirring, that he was passing curious to see and hear of new inventions, new discoveries, new arts and processes, that he took huge delight in the significant details of all manner of crafts and occupations, is very evident.

His temper and character, too, are plainly self-revealed ; cool and hopeful in danger, he was little afraid of what man could do to him ; obstinate and reserved, generous but not lavish, careful but also adventurous and loving to run risks, courteous and honest but not over particular as to those minute and delicate points of honour that would perhaps have troubled a man not used to trade as he was. In his subterfuges he was ready to meet guile with guile, though ever and wholly unwilling to take what he considered an unfair advantage, or to decline to make terms favourable to himself. Affectionate in a deep, if mostly silent way ; careful of his family's interest, and even of their comfort ; though restless, freakish, and determined to have his will in household affairs. A great mystifier, mole-like, working fiercely underground, and enjoying the concealment of his proceedings—a taste that his harassed and hunted condition for great part of his life must have intensified. Vain of his gifts, but minded never to degrade them, proud of his knowledge, but eager to use it for others ; a man that would often spare others but seldom himself ; a constant courtier and most devoted subject of Her whom he calls "that most serene, most invincible, most illustrious princess, Reason, first Monarch of the World, Empress of the East, West, North and South, Hereditary Director of Mankind, Guide of the Passions, Lady of the vast continent of Human Understanding, Mistress of all the Islands of Science, Governess of the fifteen provinces of Speech, Image of and Ambassador Extraordinary from the Maker of all things, the Almighty's Representative and Resident in the Souls of Men, and one of Queen Nature's most honourable Privy Council."

Defoe proved himself more than once as willing to suffer for his country as to serve her well for fair wages. He studied his fellow men carefully and judged them gently, with a sympathy and impartiality seldom found in one of his creed or of his satyric gifts. If he had not attained to the Publican's humility there was nothing of the Pharisee about him, and he was the last man to have passed by with the priest and Levite on the other side. His limitations were those of his nature and his faith, his talents he had dutifully

put out to usury; he worked hard all his life and at the end, when he was old and solitary, ill and persecuted, he could praise his God as honestly and heartily as in the years of his health and prosperity.

An effective politician and statesman, a prose writer almost supreme in his own style, a novelist and biographer of high rank, he was that contradiction in terms a *bourgeois genius*. But though he dwelt in Ashdod, at least he paid but small homage to Dagon, and seldom failed to succour the outlaws of Israel. How can we look on him but as one of the noblest Philistines that ever lived?

F. YORK POWELL.



ARCH. MISS

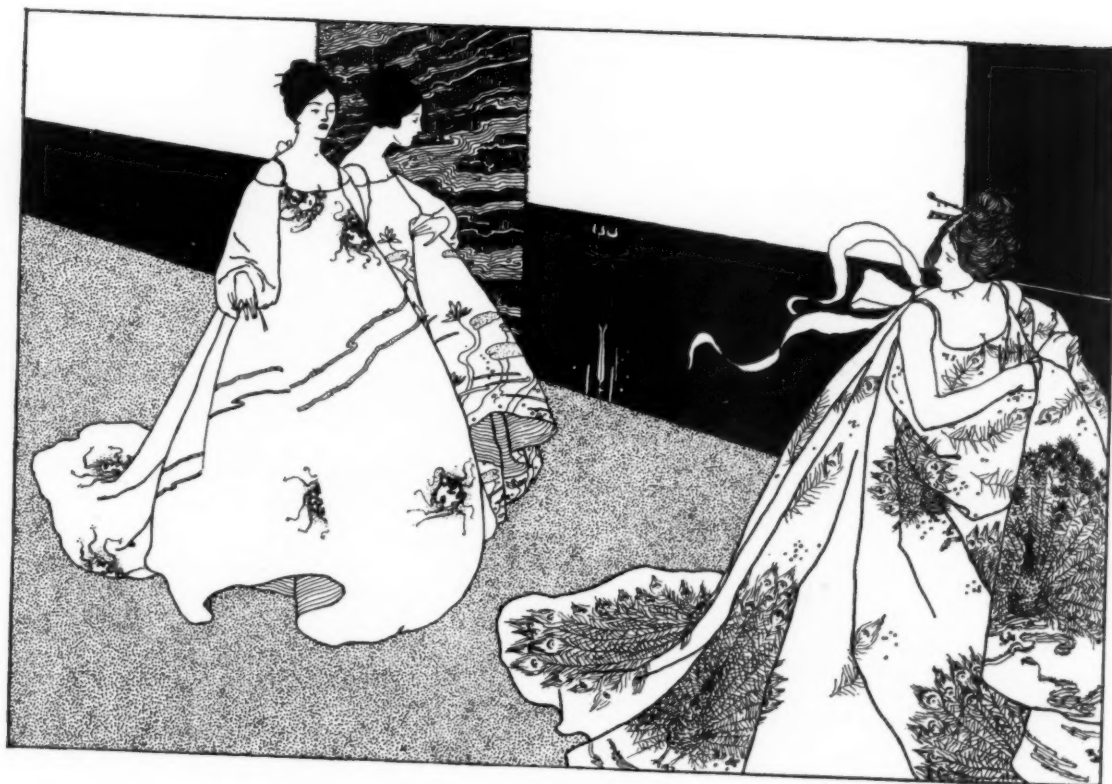
E. BUCKTON.





HE PEACOCK DRESS.

ARTHUR BRISCOE.



BUTADES.

"Butades, of Corinth, is, by some, supposed to have invented modelling in clay by using that material to fill in the outline which his daughter had traced of her lover's shadow on the wall. . . . The invention of the bronze foundry took place about the same time, bronze having been previously worked by a tedious and unsatisfactory progress of hammering plates into the required shape."

WHAT would ye here? What have ye come to say,
Ye children of a far-off latter day?
There lies my dust, beneath the fair wrought tomb,
Pent in a scanty womb,
And may, ere earth
Doth pass away, attain a second birth.
But this we know not; all is yet concealed,
Nor can it be revealed,
So here I wait
The turning of the future leaves of fate.

What would ye know? It is in vain ye pry
Into the secrets of eternity.
Whence have we come, and whither in our flight,
As the dark closing night
Shuts out the view
From those sad gazers after one they knew,
Shall each find rest?
'Tis but an idle quest;
Nor shall your learning nor your knowledge show,
Nay, nor your wisdom find
That path whereon we go,
Till fate remove the veil that makes you blind.

What would ye have? Is it the sculptured stone—
The stele that ye covet? 'Tis your own.
Or would ye know, ye toilers in the vast
Unravell'd history of the long lost years,
One fact from out the past?
Swift disappears
Our fame; and I that then
Court'd the praise of men,
And worked in honour of the gods I knew,
And revered too,
Though now I know them not,
Pale to a shadow on the page of time,
As also will ye pale and be forgot.

Once was my heart lift up; did I not see
The door of triumph left ajar for me?

THE QUARTO.

I that had had no key,
Wherewith for some
The door flies open—those that hither come,
In gold, or birth, or in a wealth of friends,
Blessed beyond measure, and attain their ends.

The day was done, my tools were thrown aside ;
Had I not tried,
Throughout the weary hours,
To realise the thoughts, that lay beyond my powers,
In the too-stubborn bronze ? and there I bent
My head between my knees—with toil forspent.
It seemed of no avail,
Must I for ever fail,
Ever be Butades : unknown, obscure,
Rich in my visions and in all else poor,
Even my art's technique beyond me ? There
I sat, till, looking up once more
Upon the wall before,
A face there met my glance,
In profile sketched on the smooth wall's expanse,
A sweet boy face, verging on manhood's bloom,
Lighting the narrow room.
I knew the face,
In all its youthful grace,
The head thrown back
In expectation, and those pleading lips.
Somewhat it seemed to lack,
Where the brow dips
Into the hollow of the eager eyes ;
Oft had I watched the shadows gently play
Across those burning orbs, when the harsh daylight flies,
And in the gloaming every shade and light
Melt into one harmonious delight.

How came it there ? Was it not written plain
In the thing's self ? Those lips upturned to kiss
Told their own story. This I could not miss,
'Twas for my child he yearned, as he stood there.
And she the unspoken prayer
Had answered thus
By fixing it, half jesting, on the wall,
Where the lamp's shadow flung it : that was all ;
I smiled, why should I not ? I loved that face,
Full fondly also—ah, that I might trace

The modelling I wished for, but in vain—
A moment, stay!
Here at my hand was clay,
Soft clay, that yielded to the slightest touch.
Had I not longed for such
Full often, when
The bronze rebelled against my hests, and then.
Heartbroken, I withdrew?
Here might my thoughts have scope,
To fashion all they knew,
And every hope
Might reach fulfilment.
Now at last
Would failure find its rest within the past.
Gently I creep,
The world all hushed in sleep.
Through the long night his image I recall,
There, with the clay, upon the chamber wall,
The finely modelled brow
Is shading now
The mystery of the subtle forms below;
All 'neath my fingers grow,
Which next invest
With form the lips half pouting, that suggest
The fires of love breathed through them;
Then the throat
Strained slightly as the chin is lifted; whence,
In ravishment intense,
There softly float
The wonder songs, that break the contour lines
In their wild passage.
A narrow band confines
The hair that falls massed in luxuriant curves
That for the delicate white shoulder serves
As a gem's setting.
So the work was done,
The morning had begun,
The world awoke
To find herself the richer. A new art
Was given her. Swift did the rumour dart
Hither and thither, and my fame was made—
The fame that all as swiftly seemed to fade,
And none knew Butades beyond those twain;
Yet recked he not, love and his art were gain.

J. BERNARD S. HOLBORN.



ORTRAIT: MR. RICKETTS
& MR. SHANNON. FROM
A LITHOGRAPH BY
W. ROTHENSTEIN.



IN MEMORIAM.
MATTHEW JAMES LAWLESS,
PAINTER AND ILLUSTRATOR.
(Born 1837, died 1864.)

A CAREER cut short at the moment of victory is of all others most likely to be remembered. For the pathos of success won, yet unenjoyed, is



"THE MEETING OF ST. FRANCIS AND ST. DOMINIC."

a sentiment readily appreciated. But when an artist—be he poet, painter, or musician—dies just before he has "arrived" (to use a convenient piece of slang), the chances of his ultimate recognition are meagre. Until a considerable number of experts have insisted on his worth, and the solid evidence of prices at Christie's has endorsed their opinion; the world at large is

much too busy to be curious. If singularly great promise is all that the most enthusiastic admirer can claim for his hero, then perhaps it may appear superfluous to bring to light his trials, and his hopes, his projects, and his limited achievement; for a reputation can hardly be based on promise, however great. But in the case of Matthew James Lawless, whose work is the subject of this article, one aspect of his art deserves the attention of draughtsmen to-day. At a time before Mr. Walter Crane had begun to convert the British public to a manner of drawing, which at

present is labelled "decorative," Lawless had done nearly all the illustration on which rests his title to be remembered. As a designer who



"ST. PHILIP NERI: SALUTE TO THE STUDENTS OF THE ENGLISH COLLEGE."

employed the Dürer line, in 1862, he stands well-nigh alone. Millais and Rossetti it is true had anticipated him in date, and had done, or were doing greater things than he had time to accomplish. Sandys soon after carried on the tradition. Charles Keene in his illustrations to "A Good Fight" (from *Once a Week*) had played with the manner of the old German woodcut. But Lawless was,

as we are aware, more faithful to his chosen convention, for a large proportion of the designs he executed, were carried out in a way totally opposed to the semi-naturalistic manner of his day. His premature death, just before he had established his position, has caused him to be unduly neglected. Although a few people have collected impressions of his work, and have never forgotten his share in "The Golden Decade," yet he can scarcely rank as the peer of the men named above; nor would it be judicious to declare his equal right to be placed with them—considered in any aspect; but as one who used the Dürer line wisely and well, he may take an honourable place. To some men, death is the most happy gift that fate can bestow; who can doubt but that Chatterton, Keats, Fred Walker, or Cecil Lawson—to take four names at random—acquired a peculiar immortality by dying young. Had they rounded off the full three-score years and ten, whatever had been their ultimate fame—however great it might

have become—it would have missed the pathetic, intimate reverence which lovers of their art now award them ungrudgingly, and guard jealously against all depreciation. Any one of these four might have achieved a monumental position—that of a master whose reputation was world-wide rather than local—but it is quite as probable that any one of them might have disappointed the promise of his youth, by a series of less artistic productions that secured greater applause and honour from the general public only. A hero who lingers too long on the



"ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISSI BEFORE THE COURT OF THE
SULTAN MENDI."

stage, often pays dearly for his longevity. Who can doubt but that the fame of at least one great politician, one great art-critic, one great tenor, still living to-day, would have been far more insured against oblivion, had the Gods of Life and Death called him at the zenith of his triumph? The very names of those cut off in their prime became hallowed with a conscious pathos. Like the purely imaginary virtues parents attribute to a child they have lost, who, when alive, was but a common little mortal with faults well-nigh balancing his good qualities—so we are ready to forget all shortcomings, to excuse all blunders in the work of one who had not been granted time to fulfil his hopes.

In another way Lawless was unlucky, for he not only died too soon, but his work was done when great men were his contemporaries. If we refer to the current criticism of his time, we find that he was classed with Millais, Rossetti, and other giants in illustration. To have achieved

recognition however partial in such company, is in itself noteworthy. If we turn over the pages of *Once a Week*, *Good Words*, or other periodicals



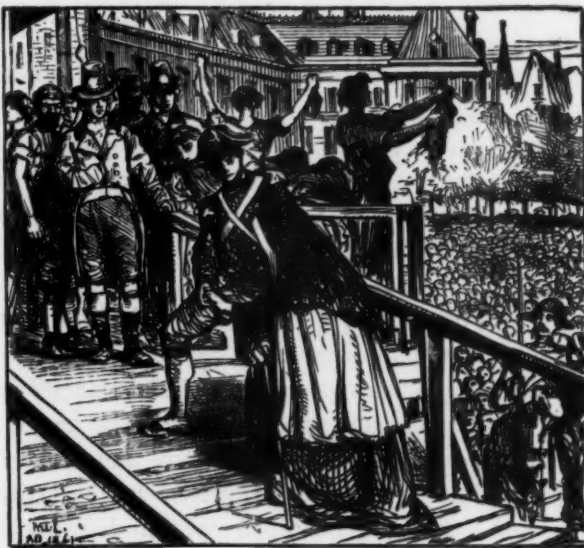
"THE CARMELITE COMMUNITY BEFORE THE REVOLUTIONARY COURT."

to which Lawless contributed—it is impossible to ignore the fact that he must be measured against the men whose fame is now established, and not with the mediocre draughtsmen figuring therein, whose very names are now forgotten. He may have been the least of the "men of the sixties" whom all men agree to honour to-day, but even if that be his true position—and it is open to question—it

is better to have been no more than that, than to be the greatest of the nobodies, then or since. Judged by the best work which survives, we do no injury to the heroes of illustration in England by adding him to their company. For in certain aspects he was holding the unpopular brief for convention, at a time imitation was supreme.

The discursive and unrelated items which are here strung together, have been gathered by the efforts of Mr. Paul Woodroffe, a loyal admirer of Lawless' work; they add a few—but only a few—facts of any importance. Much laborious research at the British Museum had failed to augment the brief—if accurate—notice contributed by Mr. Edward Walford to *The Dictionary of National Biography*. But if these collated memories are of no little moment, they should at least help to efface the half-contemptuous criticism—which finds place in *Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers* (1889)—"Some of his earlier works were rather

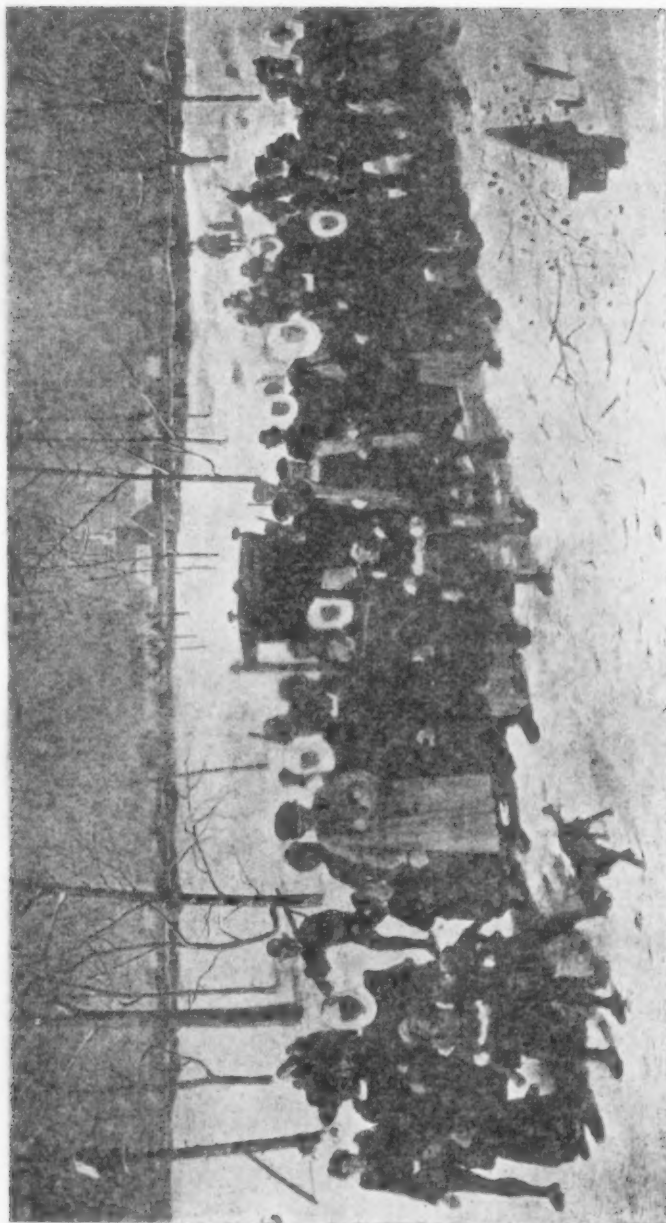
vulgar in subject and treatment, but those of a later date showed more refinement"—so runs the passage in full which summarizes the artist's career, after a brief list of his principal works. How the writer of the above verdict discovered vulgarity of subject—or treatment—in Lawless, is inconceivable. After seeing all his sketches and finished works, that are accessible—one is still more amazed by the accusation of vulgarity. There are two (and only two, so far as I know) subjects of men drinking, but even those lack any trace of coarseness in idea or execution.



"THE AGED MOTHER PRIORESS MOUNTS THE SCAFFOLD."

Before attempting to traverse this disingenuous paragraph, a few biographical items should be recalled. Matthew James Lawless, the son of Barry Lawless, a solicitor, was born in 1837. His father, who has been called "one of the handsomest men in London," and was painted by H. N. O'Neil, A.R.A., in his "Eastward Ho," seems to have been anxious that Lawless should devote himself to illustration—which, it is said, he thought promised more remuneration than picture-painting. Whether this be true or not, is of slight importance. It is more to the point to note that one of his surviving friends declares that "Lawless had no training in art, or if he had, he never mentioned it." But Mr. Edward Walford says that he attended several drawing schools, and was for a time pupil of Henry O'Neil, A.R.A. We know that he frequented Heatherley's, and went also to the Langham Sketching Club, where he met Fred Walker and Charles Keene, and must have been "quite one of the most prominent members, for he had a won-

derful gift of composition, and of drawing without nature." "He was always incommunicative about his own work," we are told, and this probably explains many of the statements which accuse him of taking his art not seriously, and seem to conflict at first sight with the evidence of his work, and of his actual attitude towards it, as we find it set down in several letters still extant. The impression which Lawless left behind him—as it is reported by many of his surviving intimates—is very helpful in forming an estimate of the real man. Had all praised him, the actual Lawless might have remained a hazy figure. But, thanks to the frankness of some—when the whole evidence is sifted—it is impossible not to be struck with a very distinct personality that impressed itself so diversely upon those who were in contact. For it becomes clear that Lawless possessed a temperament far more akin to that of a young painter of the present time, than to that of the typical student of the early sixties. In figure he was slight and delicate, with a winning charm of manner. Bohemianism was the mode in favour then—long hair and short pipes, velvet coats, and a certain affectation of contemptuous disregard for Mrs. Grundy and her prejudices. This mood was not congenial to Lawless. Not only was he attired in black as a rule, but was even "careful to be well dressed, and invariably wore a silk hat." These signs of rebellion against the habit and custom of painter-folks then, would scarce be worth noting, did they not help to explain the slightly hostile attitude which he seems to have provoked. When he was "chaffed" about his "unpainterlike costume," he retorted that "he preferred to be known by his canvases, not by his clothes"; a sentiment which might be expected from an ultra-modern artist of to-day, but is hardly typical of the fifties or sixties. In other respects he was modern, especially in his sympathy towards sister arts. If biographies are to be trusted, the painter of thirty years ago was singularly unconcerned—as a rule—with any art but his own; Lawless was an accomplished musician, and a pupil of Professor Westlake; but in music, as in painting, we are told that "he would not learn by ordinary methods," an attitude always distasteful to academic pedantry at any time; but regarded then with far more stern disapproval than it is to-day. To-day the most petrified R.A. owns at rare intervals that boys will be boys, and regards the New English Art Club as a safety-valve for turbulent spirits. Possibly another factor helped to separate Lawless



RETURNING FROM
MIDNIGHT MASS.
M. J. LAWLESS.

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from his fellows. He was a "rattling good Catholic." In the "sixties" religious tolerance was less common than it is to-day; and to be a member of the Church of Rome was to be a suspect in many respectable professional circles, when mutual taste in theology was an essential factor in anything approaching cordial friendship. Again he was "very particular in his choice of friends," and disliked the "free and easy" life of those who would not have been shocked by his difference of creed. On one occasion he was induced to join a party to see some rat-catching at a public-house; his verdict, that it was "abominably amusing," coupled with some expressions of disgust—shows that he had little sympathy with the boisterous protests against Philistinism in the sixties, which art students of that day flaunted as a sign of their emancipation from "gentility" and dull conventionality.

The more we hear of him the more we find him the type of the æsthete before the æsthete was invented. He was not merely a musician, but composed a certain number of works—one or two of which enjoyed considerable popularity. He paid great attention to Continental art, and was especially interested in the work of painters comparatively unknown in England at that date. But it must not be supposed that he was a mere society painter or a bookworm; as a skater he excelled, and was distinguished among anglers for his skill with the rod. He was also a good dancer; but his health, always delicate, compelled him to give up many of



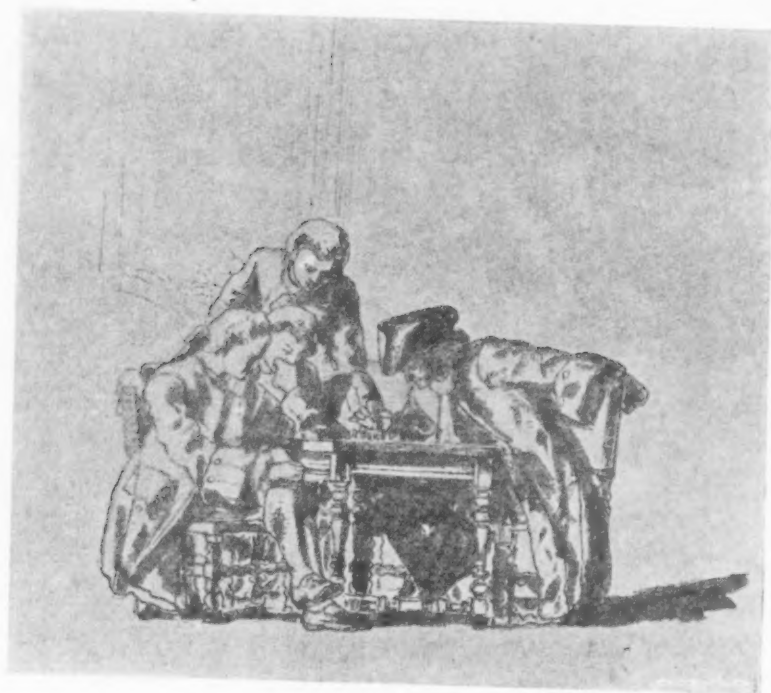
"KILL THE WRETCHES WHO ARE GOING TO SPREAD POPERY."

these pastimes long before his death. Another surviving comrade of Lawless speaks warmly of his singular charm, whereby he made friends with all whom he cared to approach; but, like many a candid "chum," expresses himself more frankly than politely upon the merits of his work, and declares that he sees no reason for calling attention to a painter "anything but great." Yet the worst he urges is that "Lawless would never put himself seriously to art, never carried a thing through, though he had great natural talent." His intimacy seems to have been one of mutual tastes in sport, for he is willing to own that Lawless was an excellent skater and an excellent fisherman. As the holder of these opinions is personally unknown to me, and his identity is not revealed here, perhaps the discourtesy of printing his recollections, and at the same time disputing his judgment, may be pardoned. For with all deference to a personal friend's opinions, the letters of the painter himself, as well as the evidence of his sketches and finished drawings, do not support the view that he failed to take art seriously. Like many sensitive natures, he probably liked to convey such an impression to his associates, but that it was a false one goes without saying.

Among his artistic friends were George Goldie (the architect of the Pro-Cathedral), J. F. Molloy (the well-known composer), Clement Scott, George Rose, Arthur Sketchley, J. R. Herbert (the Royal Academician), and H. W. Brewer, whose architectural drawings still delight us, as they have done for thirty years past.

With the latter (to whom he bequeathed his easel) he was in frequent intercourse, and put in figures for several of Mr. Brewer's drawings. As for instance one of the Catholic Church at Lanark, built by Monteith of Carstairs. Mr. Brewer added in architectural background to some of Lawless' figure subjects. That to "The Sick Call" was suggested by a sketch by Mr. Brewer, of Prague, in Hungary; indeed it was the sight of this drawing which suggested the picture. Lawless was so impressed by its possibilities as a background, that then and there he planned the composition.

Another drawing of "The Finding of St. John Nepomucene," has also a landscape taken from Prague. In "St. Francis and the Sheep," the background is adapted from a drawing of the monastery of Assissi, by Mr. Goldie; a pleasant anachronism.

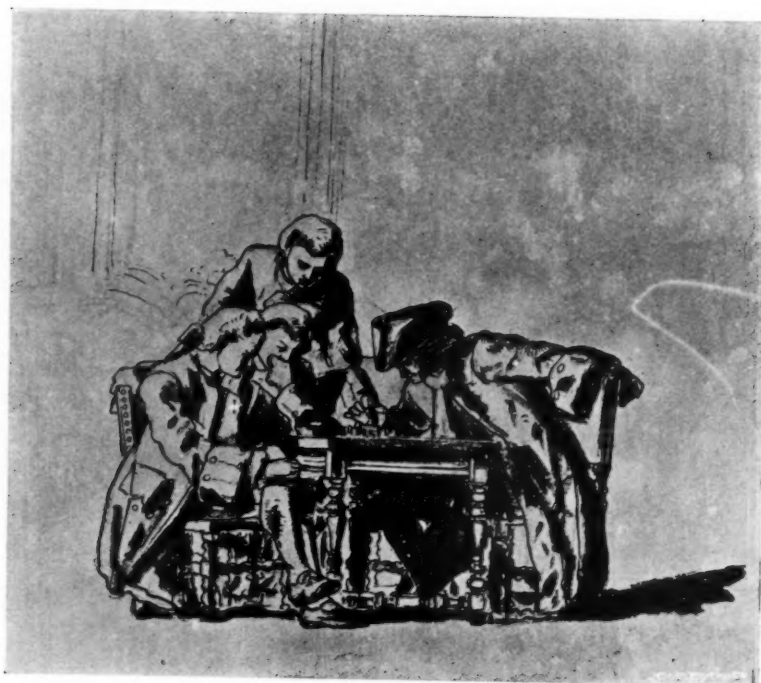


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He greatly admired the work of Meissonier; and as we see by his letters, Continental painting seems to have interested him far more than English. He met Meissonier in Paris, and won his favour. Asked how he achieved this, he said: "I begged from him, as a relic, one of his old brushes." In spite of his sympathy for French Art, however, he admired paintings by Augustus Egg, R.A., especially one representing Thackeray's "Beatrice." "He admired Thackeray but did not care for Dickens," says an intimate friend, and this of itself—remembering the date to which the expression must be attributed—gives a shrewd hint of his temperament. Mr. Frith held his work in great esteem. Lawless,

on the other hand, seems to have appreciated the painter of "The Derby Day" more highly than his work; in this again we find him in with the minority of his day, and in accord with the majority of our own, and seem once again to have a glimpse of the actual man.

Owing to the kindness of the lady to whom the correspondence was addressed, it is possible to give a few extracts from a few letters written just before his death. The first, dated Friday, March 15, 1864, begins with a pathetic confession of weariness and exhaustion and a yearning for rest.



"ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. THE HOMAGE OF DUMB CREATURES."

"How I long for the spring and summer," he continues; "I should like to lie all day long on some sunny beach listening to the waves breaking all along the shore." Later on in the same letter he writes:

"I quite agree with you that I am not successful in depicting women, but remember you only refer to the woodcuts. I'm quite sure I'll succeed when I *paint* them. These engravers are not likely to preserve what feeling or beauty you may put into your faces, especially female. If you only saw the drawing on the *wood* before it was engraved you would never look at the 'cut' afterwards."

Still later he refers to "The Sick Call," which its owner fancied had sunk in:

"On no account permit it to be *varnished* unless he wants the picture ruined. Varnish is my horror! If you had any artistic friend visiting London, who would call on me, I would tell him what to do to it, as it could only be done properly by *an artist*. It is possible that those people who have said it has sunk in, are accustomed to see pictures very shiny and greasy like most English pictures. Now I paint with exceedingly little 'medium' or oil, in order to get the shiny look off my pictures. Perhaps to me it might look all right. It will do no harm to get an artistic friend to dust the picture well with a silk handkerchief, then wash it over *gently* with a damp sponge wrung out in cold water, then dry it with the silk handkerchief. Let him next oil the picture over gently with a little fine linseed oil and drying oil mixed, using a suitable brush and taking care not to rub too hard. This will fetch the colour up a bit . . . it should be covered up for two or three days after to preserve it from dust. Precious little oil should be used. Be sure you get an experienced artist to do it for you, it requires judgment and tact."

In the next letter he again speaks of his health and is more cheerful: "If I can only just get to the easel again I shall be quite satisfied and happy. I have such an itching to order a large canvas and do something even new. I am sure I shall feel quite spooney when I have my brushes and palette out again."

Later on, referring to the Academy Exhibition of 1864, he writes: "I don't hesitate for a moment in saying that Tidemand's "Norwegian Duel" is the finest painting there; Leighton is the next [this must have been

either "Golden Hours" or "Orpheus and Eurydice"]. Although there is lots of good promising work, I am sure there is nothing of any particularly brilliant description . . . we *lack sadly* the great Continental refinement and artistic education of French and Belgian artists of repute." Continuing, he says: "Do try to visit the sweet little French Gallery in Pall Mall"—and gives for his reason—"the refinement and elegance of the works there, and in fact the *tout ensemble* of the whole exhibition."

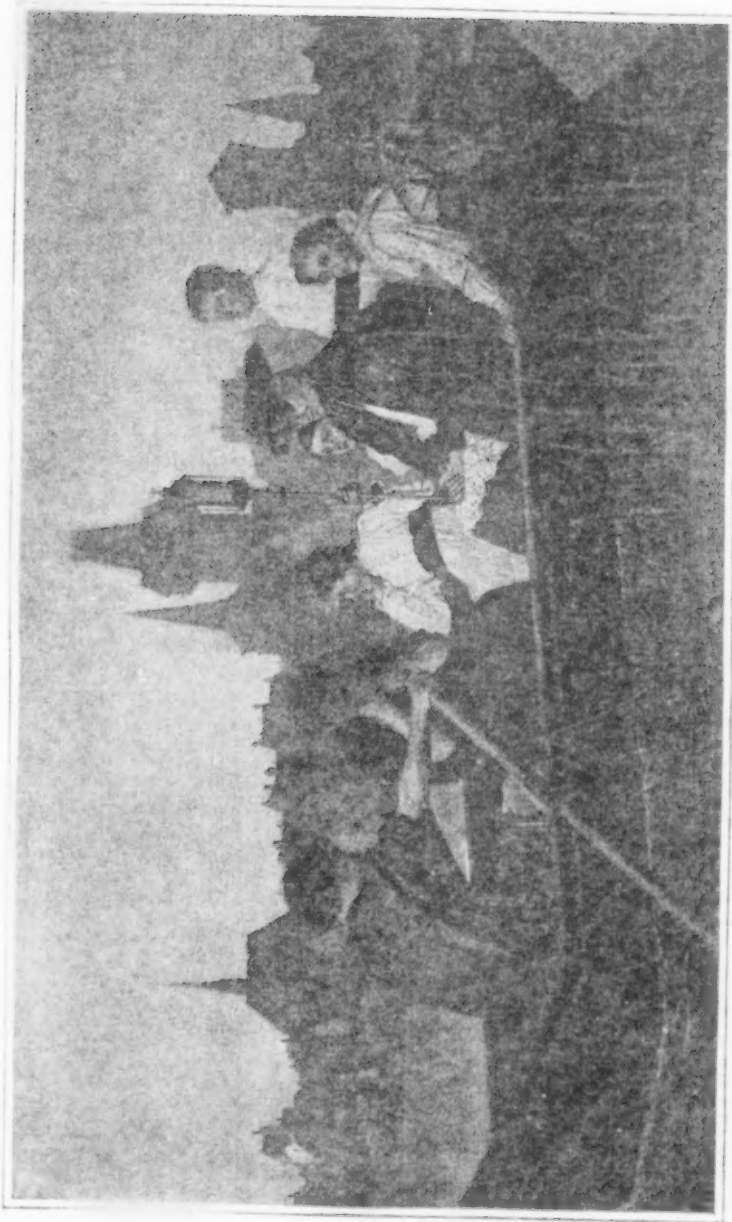
Still keeping to French art, he begs Mrs. — when she is in Paris to visit the Ecole des Beaux-Arts and see Paul de la Roche's great fresco, also Flandrin's frescoes in S. Vincent de Paul. The other letters, although they reveal not merely an enthusiast in art, but a painter anxious to help his fellows, are too personal to be quoted. But in the last, dated May 20th, 1864—speaking of a deceased painter whose name is a household word—he writes: "And you met little W——; isn't he an extraordinary little creature, wants *ton*; so do *lots of artists*. That's their fault in general, and I think it is painful at times; don't you think so? However, people can't help that. Still, when one does meet the right thing it is pleasant. Don't think me uncharitable. We will remember the saying of Charles V., when he picked up Titian's brush—and the holy and expressed horror of his nobles—that he could make fifty dukes, but couldn't make one Titian. But then all artists are not noble Venetians with the gigantic power of Old Titian. I am in a bitter mood; most of their works are, like themselves, teeming with vulgarity. Most of the Continental artists are no better born or bred, but they have the inborn elegances of their nationality, and you see it crop out in all their works, no matter how *lowly* or vulgar the subject. Horace Vernet was essentially a *gentleman*, *vide* his pictures. There is something that shows an utter absence of vulgarity in this branch of their art; look at an English battle-piece, was there ever such a horror as a picture by C——, R.A.? I am sure I have converted you to look at the Belgian and French schools as the best."

This letter ends with a long passage referring to his health; and expressed a hope that he will soon be able to go down to Great Marlow. He died a few weeks later, on August 6th.

In *The Tablet* appeared a touching tribute to his memory, which is said

to have been written by Cardinal Manning. It would serve no purpose to quote it, as however justified the praise may be, art-criticism from the eminent churchman would have no more weight than from any non-professional. It is curious to find that Cardinal Manning speaks of his "etchings" in various magazines, but one must remember that "etching" was invariably used by the general public to denote a pen-drawing until quite recently. Beyond mentioning that the late Mr. Mulready and Mr. W. P. Frith were agreed that among "the young race of aspirants to artistic commerce," there was not one "whose pretensions were better founded, or more likely to be crowned with early triumph," the notice contains nothing which has not already been recorded here.

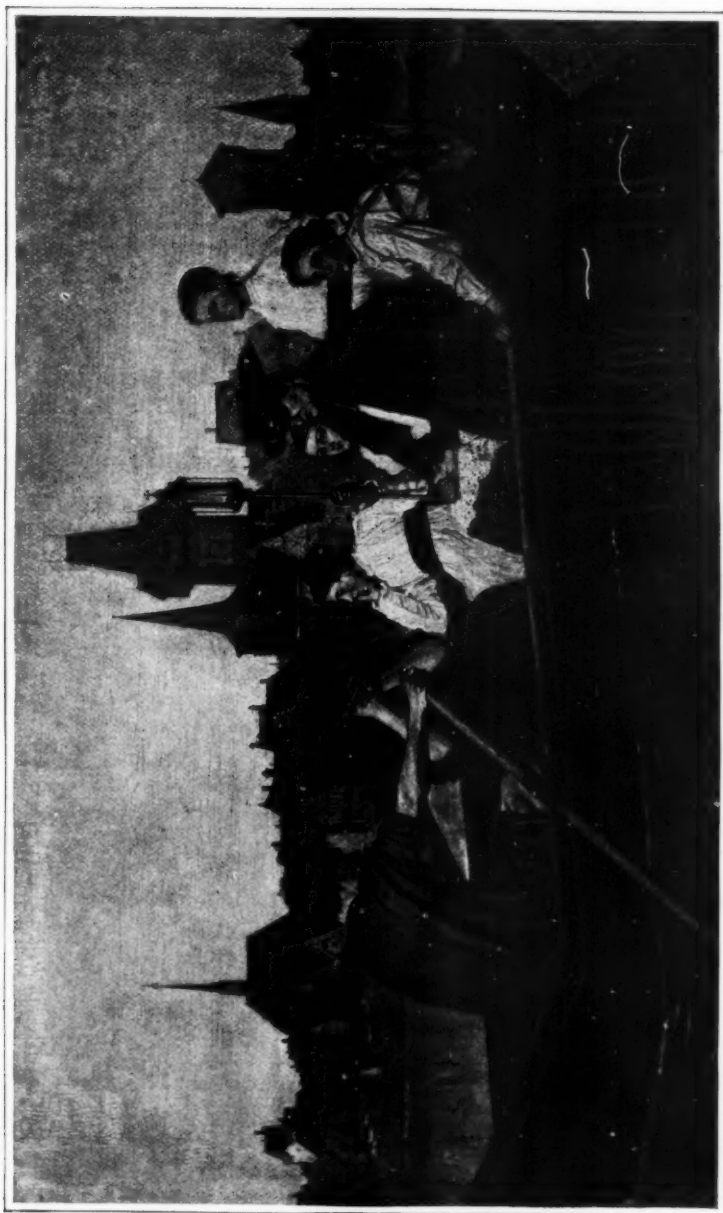
In the face of so many reproductions of his sketches and less well-known engravings, it seems needless to attempt a critical appreciation of his work. "The Sick Call," when it was lately exhibited in one of the Guildhall loan collections, held its own among a crowd of British masterpieces. The engravings here reproduced were probably "cut on the wood" by average craftsmen; therefore the somewhat hard detail must not be laid to the artist's charge. In the sketches (reproduced by the kind permission of his brother) we find a freedom which those who only knew the engraved work, had never suspected; yet the really exquisite delicacy and refinement of several of the originals cannot be gathered from these reproductions. The skill of their composition, and the delightful choice of landscape (notably in "After the Duel" and "Returning from Market") speak for themselves. The engravings in *Once a Week*, *Good Words*, and the rest are singularly unequal. "One Dead," "Bands of Love," "John of Padua," and "Honey Dew," are perhaps the most typical examples of the various manners Lawless employed. Influences of other men are clearly traceable; but at the age at which most of them were executed—twenty to twenty-five—a draughtsman has rarely succeeded in finding himself entirely. That he had done so to no small extent becomes evident, when, on turning over the pages of the old magazine, many a picture reveals its author unmistakably without reference to the signature—which signature, by the way, is, in all its varied forms, curiously well designed and well placed—in direct contradistinction to the average method of his contemporaries, who were quite careless of a detail that, in



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the hand of some modern designers, appears sometimes to have been the result of more elaborate thought than the picture to which it is affixed.

Reference has been made to the fertility of his composition, and this aspect of his work is well supported even by the examples here given, which have been chosen almost entirely for their novelty. To have selected (had it been practicable) the best dozen of his published works might have shown a stronger case; but these are readily accessible for reference. Here almost every illustration is either reproduced for the first time, or borrowed from a source that is most probably unknown to ninety-nine out of a hundred students of illustration, and absolutely unsuspected by the general public.

Of his oil paintings it is difficult to say much, for they are scattered over the British Isles in remote districts. Some water-colours in the possession of his brother—chiefly landscapes and interiors, made probably for background studies—reveal excellent “drawing,” and good if not peculiarly individual colour.

But since “the best record of a painter is in his canvases,” to quote his own words again, it will be as well to give a list of all those which, so far as we can trace to-day, were publicly exhibited. At the Royal Academy, in 1858, Lawless was represented by “John Balfour of Burley” and “Sergeant Bothwell,” both subjects from *Old Mortality*. In 1859, we had “Off Guard” and “A Cavalier in his Cups,” and in 1860, “A Drop too much” and “The King’s Quarters at Woodstock.” In the same year he showed two pictures at Suffolk Street, one being entitled “Hope told a flattering Tale.” In 1861 there were hung at the Royal Academy: “A Dinner Party,” “Waiting for an Audience” (*vide* the Cavalier’s Complaint) and “A Man about town A.D. 1730.” In 1862 he is represented by one only—“The Widow Hogarth selling her Husband’s Pictures,” and in 1863 by the best known and most satisfactory of all his paintings—“A Sick Call,” which bore for its motto “Is any man sick among you?” (*St. James* v. 14). The models for the heads of this picture were: the priest Richardson; Mgr. Gasquet, the acolyte on his right; and Jack Hoodless, a well-known frequenter of Tattersalls, then an acolyte at the Bayswater Church, for the figure on his left; Joe Wall, who sat for many of his Cavalier subjects, was the oarsman. Six others which he exhibited at various exhibitions

complete the list. The illustrations which can be identified are tabulated in a separate list at the end of this article.

It would be pleasant to describe and analyse many of these published designs—the pathetic “One Dead” and “Bards of Love”—the distinguished “Dr. Johnson’s Penance”—the quasi-mediæval “Dead Bride” and “Dead Love” (to Mr. Swinburne’s story), but space prevents it; and if the illustrations here do not set students of illustrations looking up the rest for themselves, no eulogy, however well founded, would be of much service.

This effort to place a chaplet of laurel on a half-forgotten grave, is an act of gratitude not of charity. I never met Lawless, and scarce knew at the time that “M. J. L.” stood for his name. Yet as a boy in my teens, I cut his pictures from odd magazines and treasured them, and years after found others—including some of the most notable illustrators of the present decorative revival—who had done the same. Therefore it has been a genuine pleasure to string together a few scattered items of fact and memory, and to put them in print—with the single purpose in view, of repaying an old debt, and expressing formally the sympathy of no few lovers of illustration, for the memory of one who deserves to be remembered. Mr. Edmund Gosse once owned * “to quite absurd affection for all the few relics of this gifted lad, whose early death seems to have deprived his great genius of all hope of fame . . . in M. J. Lawless English art sustained one of the sharpest losses it ever had to mourn.”

The following List includes all the Published Illustrations identified by Mr. Paul Woodroffe and myself.

Once a Week—†

- “Sentiment from the Shambles,” i., pp. 505, 507, 509.
- “The Bridal of Galtrim” (two), ii., p. 88.
- “The Lady and the Hound,” ii., p. 164.
- “Florinda,” ii., p. 226.
- “Only for Something to Say,” ii. p. 352.
- “The Head Master’s Sister,” ii., pp. 386, 389, 393.
- “The Secret,” ii., p. 430.

- “A Legend of Swaffham,” ii., p. 549.
- “Oysters and Pearls,” iii., p. 79.
- “The Betrayed,” iii., p. 155.
- “Elfie Meadows,” iii., p. 304.
- “The Minstrel’s Curse,” iii., p. 351.
- “The Two Beauties” (unsigned), iii., p. 462.
- “My Angel’s Visit,” iii., p. 658.
- “The Death of Ænone,” iv., pp. 14, 15.
- “Valentine’s Day,” iv. p. 208.

* *Academy*, February, 1876, p. 177.

† Twenty of these, many re-entitled, were reprinted in *Thornbury’s Legendary Ballads*, 1876.

Once a Week (cont.)—

- "Effie Gordon," iv., pp. 406, 407.
 "Cavaliers' Escape," iv., p. 687.
 "High Elms," v., p. 420.
 "King Dyring," v., p. 575.
 "Fleurette," v., p. 700.
 "Dr. Johnson's Penance," vi., p. 14.
 "What befell me at the Assizes," vi., p. 194.
 "The Dead Bride," vi., p. 462.
 "Dead Love," vii., p. 434.
 "The Linden Trees," viii., p. 684.
 "Gifts," viii., p. 684.
 "Faint Heart never won," ix., p. 98.
 "Heinrich Frauenlob," ix., p. 393.
 "Broken Toys," ix., p. 672.
 "John of Padua," x., p. 71.

London Society—

- "Beauties' Toilet," i., p. 265.
 "First Night of the Season," ii., p. 200.
 "A Box on the Ear," ii., p. 382.
 "Honey Dew," iii., p. 554.
 "Not for You," v., p. 85.
 "Expectation," xiii., p. 369.
 "An Episode of the Italian War," xviii., p. 97.

Good Words—

- "Rung into Heaven," 1862, p. 135.
 "Bands of Love," 1862, p. 632.
 "The Player and Listeners," 1864.

Churchman Family Magazine—

- "One Dead," ii., p. 275.
 "Harold Massey's Confession," iii., p. 65.

Punch—

- "The Ideal (?), *The Real*," Sept. 22, 1860.
 "Cum Marte Minerva (with a vengeance)," Sept. 29, 1860.
 "A Rise in Breadstuffs," Nov. 17, 1860.
 "A Drawing," Dec. 15, 1860.
 "Latest Importation in Sweets" (Rahat Lakoum), Jan. 22, 1861.

Lyra Germanica (1861)—

- "A Seated Figure," p. 47.
 "A Woman and Child in Church," p. 90.
 "Watch and Pray," p. 190.

Passages from Modern English Poets, illustrated by the Junior Etching Club, 1862—

- "The Drummer," p. 2.
 "Sisters of Mercy," p. 12.
 "The Bivouac," p. 30.
 "The Little Shipwrights," p. 36.

*Pictorial Bible and Church History Stories. By W. Formby (Burnes & Oates).**

- "St. Francis of Assissi," p. 364.
 "St. Francis of Assissi," p. 377.
 "St. Francis of Assissi," p. 398.
 "Meeting of St. Francis and St. Dominic."
 "St. Charles Borromeo," p. 458.
 "St. Philip Neri," p. 461.
 "Kill the Wretches," p. 479.
 "The Carmelite Community," p. 501.
 "The Aged Mother Prioress," p. 502.

GLEESON WHITE.

* A series of volumes illustrated *inter alia* by C. Goldie, H. W. Brewer, and Westlake.



THE CIDER FEAST. A VISION
OF JOY & THANKSGIVING.
AFTER A WOOD ENGRAV-
ING BY E. CALVERT.



THE WIND.

OH wind, thou art unhappy, even as I !
Nay, but thou art unhappier; for whene'er
My heart grows grey, as sunset fades to night,
Thy voice, poor wretched wind, I always hear
Moaning the same old misery. Thou hast quite
Grown voiceless of all sounds but Sorrow's own :
Or art thou that dumb grief that issuing e'er
From the dark cavern of humanity
Sweepeth the harp of Sorrow, who sits drear
Within, in silence bowed? Oh misery,
Thou last-loved bride of my lone aching heart,
Oh aching wretchedness, thou ne'er didst find
Such full expression of thy stifled sighs
As in the piteous wail of this poor wind :
And, had not mine own sorrows parched mine eyes,
'Twould make me weep for thine.

**"HARK! HARK!
THE LARK"**
The words by
Shakspeare
Set to Music by
Joseph S. Moorat



Presto Leggiero *p con express*

Allegro Hark! hark the

p *ten* *ten*

Ped * *Ped* * *Ped* *

lark at Heav'n's gate sings And Phoebus' gins a-rise, His steeds to wa-ter at those

Ped * *con molto express* *ritar* *a tempo*

springs On chal-iced flowers chaf lies And wink-ing Ma-ry

"HARK! HARK! THE LARK."

63

ri - tar *a tempo dolce* *rit*

buds begin - to ope - their ld - en eyes With ev - ery thing that pret - ty is My

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a melodic phrase in a key with two flats, marked with a '4' time signature. It includes the lyrics 'buds begin - to ope - their ld - en eyes' and 'With ev - ery thing that pret - ty is My'. The piano accompaniment consists of flowing sixteenth-note patterns in both hands. Performance markings include 'ri - tar' (ritardando), 'a tempo dolce' (return to tempo, softly), and 'rit' (ritardando).

stringendo *cres*

la - - - dy sweet a - rise With ev - ery thing that

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has the lyrics 'la - - - dy sweet a - rise' and 'With ev - ery thing that'. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic flow. The marking 'stringendo cres' (increasing tempo and crescendo) is placed above the piano staff.

dim *ritar* *rit* *f*

pret - ty is My la - - - dy sweet a - - rise a - - rise a -

The third system shows the vocal line with the lyrics 'pret - ty is My la - - - dy sweet a - - rise a - - rise a -'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar patterns. Performance markings include 'dim' (diminuendo), 'ritar' (ritardando), 'rit' (ritardando), and 'f' (forte).

rise *lh* *p* *pp*

rise

The fourth system concludes the piece. The vocal line has the word 'rise' and a long melisma. The piano accompaniment features a final flourish in the right hand and a sustained bass line. Performance markings include 'rise', 'lh' (lento), 'p' (piano), and 'pp' (pianissimo).



PRETTY GIRL.

W. W. RUSSELL.







ARISTOPHANES.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

THERE is a story, O reader, that a certain man was wandering in the far west of America. One Sunday morning he came to a new settlement when divine service was going on, and strolled into the apology for a church. The accommodation was rude, the officiating person was in a red shirt, the sound of expectoration was heard in the land, the harmonium was (as always) abominable, and over the harmonium ran in large letters the inscription, *Please do not shoot the organist, he does his best.* Now I hate talking shop as much as you do, especially if you bicycle or if you are a medical student, and it is not my fault. But the editor came to me the other day and demands a paper. "Me write a paper for you?" says I; "I will do no such thing." "But," said he, "if you don't there will be nothing in *THE QUARTO* to read." "I don't care," said I, "there'll be plenty of pretty pictures." "Yes, but you don't consider," retorts he, "if *THE QUARTO* collapses, what will become of the Slade Professor of Fine Art?" When he put it that way, my heart was touched. "Well, well," I grumbled, "we will see about it." But when one came to consider, there was no time to do anything but vamp up and frivolize an old Literature

lecture (which was never delivered), and let it take its chance. So all I can say is: "Please do not shoot *me*."

But do not be frightened; I will not quote a word of Greek. And let me give you a useful hint. You can get Frere's delightful translations of Aristophanes for the sum of ninepence in Morley's cheap literature series. So here goes.

It is one of those things which are generally known that Plato declared a truceless war upon the poets, and not only ejected Homer with the greatest respect indeed, but with stern decision from his ideal polity, but also said that tragedy and comedy did a great deal more harm than good, and these opinions of his have been a good deal talked about because Plato is the chosen philosopher of all those who are by nature hopelessly unphilosophical, like you and me.

His objection to tragedy is briefly that it encourages you to weep and carry on about the misfortunes of imaginary characters in a way of which you would be ashamed in real life if a misfortune happened to yourself. The tendency of the natural man is to give way to his grief, but the philosopher ought to be stoical, and tragedy feeds the natural tendency and is therefore bad. Aristotle, who conceived his mission to be principally to set Plato right, and who did it with great energy and success, turned this very objection of Plato's with extraordinary skill into the justification of tragedy. The tendency to give way to misfortune, he answered, is a tendency which will grow in us if we do not get rid of it, just like a malignant humour in the body, and there is nothing better to be done than to purge it out of us. Tragedy enables us to get rid of it periodically, and the more we do so by a good cry occasionally over fictitious evils, the more shall we be able to resist real evils with the dignity befitting a student of moral science. It is an interesting circumstance that the Aristotelian view was first correctly understood by the great Milton, as may be seen from his preface to *Samson Agonistes*.

Plato's objection to comedy was of a similar nature. Comedy encourages you to laugh at things of which you would be ashamed in private life. And remember that the comedy of those days was a comedy of a licence and indecency and virulent personal abuse of living men to which no parallel has ever

been seen since upon the stage.* Why, the old comedy shocked even the public, for it was put a stop to by the authorities in course of time. It is true that what shocked *them* was not the immorality and indecency, it was the free political criticism and the personal abuse, abuse which naturally fell principally on the authorities themselves. But when once its wings had been clipped, the old comedy languished like a bird in a cage, and soon died.

What did Aristotle answer here? or what would he have answered? It is not certain that he tried to justify the old comedy at all; he appears to have thought Menander, not Aristophanes, the true type of comedy. But we may at least answer on his own lines that just as tragedy was valuable as purging us of the natural tendency to lamentation, so the old comedy was valuable as purging us of the natural tendency to laugh at what we ought not, as civilized and rational beings, to laugh at at all. An occasional giving up of ourselves to the instinct of the unregenerate savage to rejoice in all manner of abominations will make us all the better able to play the part of members of a civilized, cultivated and polite society as a rule.

But I daresay you are asking all this time why comedy or art of any kind should have *any* moral effect on people. Well, all I can say is that the Greek persistently looked upon it from that point of view. Art must be useful according to them, or it is nothing. And as they are the only people in the history of the world who ever had a genuine and natural feeling for art, and as they created every form of art in existence, they have some right to be heard. No doubt to say art must be useful is the most Philistine thing one well *can* say, but what is one to say of the modern doctrine which had such vogue in France in 1830 and onwards, the cry of "art for art," which has ended in Zola? If art exists for art, what has it to do with me? "Art for man" is the only rational doctrine for an artist who is a man himself. And that means that it must be useful? Well, I don't know; what do you mean by useful? Some people talk as if nothing were useful which one cannot eat or drink or run to death over a ploughed field in a scarlet coat. "The beautiful is as useful as the useful,

* By Plato's time the old comedy was already dead and buried, but if he objected so strongly to the middle comedy, *a fortiori* would he have objected to Aristophanes.

even more useful," said Hugo, and I think he was right, and that the Greeks were right too.

But let us go back to the old comedy, to what is summed up for us in the one name Aristophanes, and apply some of all this "bald disjointed chat" to him. First of all let us look at the way Bergk opens his chapter on Attic comedy. It is, says he, a painting of manners, an imitation of ordinary life. At the same time he admits that Aristophanes is one of the greatest writers of comedy. Bless me, what a confusion of thought there stands revealed in the mere juxtaposition of these two sentences! If comedy is never anything but an imitation of life, Aristophanes is not only not a great writer of comedy, he is not a comic writer at all, he is the most incompetent and ridiculous of bunglers, and ought to be hissed off the stage. Why then is he a great writer of comedy? Because comedy, in its origin, was a literature of revolt against convention, and he has carried this revolt further than any other writer.

"Man," says The Philosopher, "is more gregarious than any beast of the field, yea, than any whatsoever of the social hymenoptera." But think what a price those poor hymenoptera pay for their society! The majority of them reduced to a neuter asexual condition, a swarm of males whose principal occupation is being massacred annually, a Royal Family exclusively employed in laying eggs! Happier surely the roving humble bee, who lives like the Cyclops, "without society and without law, ruling over his wife and children, nor do they trouble themselves about one another." Imagine a hive-bee suddenly endowed with the speech, the insight, and the fun of an Aristophanes; what a new *Parliament of Bees* could he compose! Now in every man there is a humble bee as well as a hive bee; not only is he naturally gregarious, but he is also naturally an animal who seeks to gratify his passions as they come to him. And along with this he has developed moral, political, and social sentiments, which distinguish him from gorilla or tiger; nor only so, but "by policy and long process of time" he has agreed tacitly or avowedly to bind himself by a host of restrictions. There are laws engraved or engrossed on brass or iron or parchment, and there are laws innumerable not written anywhere but practically recognised by everyone. The law "thou shalt not kill," or at least "thou shalt not kill a member of thy own tribe," is the most

binding of all, for without it all society would fall to pieces. The law "thou shalt not tell thy neighbour what thou really thinkest of him" is equally binding in civilised society; whoso breaks it habitually will lose all his friends, unless he be as fortunate in them as I am. Then, again, it is a law that a man should wear a particular kind of dress (and what a dress!) in London, and hence the "Philosophy of Clothes" may be used to illustrate the true theory of the old comedy. For when we flee away for the summer we throw off this constraint with great joy, wear whatever seems comfortable, set all the dictates of decorum and etiquette at defiance. And a breach of custom of this kind does us all the good in the world; we return refreshed to the routine of London, and are able to keep it up without undue depression for another year. No doubt this is a very mild example, but it is on the same lines. As we revolt against many small conventionalities in our holidays, so the Athenians revolted in their comedies, at festivals like the Dionysia, in a far more thorough and energetic fashion. On these occasions all the instincts of the animal within us, which are repressed by society, were again wakened up.

And above the animal lies another stratum, that of the unthinking, unheroic, commonplace "homme sensuel moyen." He, too, is allowed his fling, when Strepsiades triumphs over Socrates, or Sganarelle over philosopher and physician. The virulent abuse of people we do not like finds here its vent; indeed, comedy is said to have arisen from the custom of merry-makers abusing one another in extempore Billingsgate on the Bank Holidays of those days, and abuse of this sort remained a prominent feature in the full-blown art. When Dante had got a very long way down in hell, he stopped listening to a very unedifying quarrel between Messer Adamo of Brescia and the Greek Sinon. Virgil, who represents the Reason, rebukes him for it, and tells him that if he listen any longer he will be angry with him, and Dante, with great shame, leaves them to their quarrel and passes on. This natural and low instinct in us which leads us to be amused at hearing two people abuse one another, whether in the street, in the pit of hell, or the pages of *Nature*, was indulged to the height. Especially in politics the abuse of prominent statesmen, which even now reaches a considerable pitch in the evening papers, was carried to prodigious lengths, and in the most vulgar style.

The whole political system is part of our conventionality, it is irksome to the natural man, and he likes now and then to rise and declaim against it though he really knows it to be necessary. The unrestricted freedom of speech in its lower forms is one of the most prominent features of the old comedy; society makes us restrain our instinct to say what we think of people and things we do not like, and put things mildly, and comedy did away with this restraint.

Then there is the revolt against morality as a whole. In every respect the natural instinct prevails. To lie, to steal, to kill, if it suits your purpose, is the natural thing to do in the old comedy. If any danger threatens, you run away. Hence the typical hero is a coward and an immoral rascal, if you look at him seriously. The most prominent feature of this revolt against morality was the incredible indecency of these representations, to which there was absolutely no limit.

Moreover religion fettered the Greek continually, a splendid glittering pompous religion, all external without a scrap of genuine inward religious feeling. To connect it with morality was left to a few poets and philosophers; to the general public it was ritual, combined with a ridiculous mythology. But this ritual was a very serious matter, it came into everything one did. Sacrifices and libations, and an eternal round of religious festivals—even tragedy and comedy were religious ceremonies—hampered the Athenian at every turn. Hence naturally we find the revolt against religion along with the rest, and those gods who were worshipped by the state, and for disbelieving in whom (as his accusers said) the wisest and best of the Athenians was put to death, these very gods are brought on the stage under every circumstance of ridicule and buffoonery. And that too by the very man who attacked Socrates in another play for his alleged "atheism"! This shows pretty clearly how unsafe it is to argue from the plays of Aristophanes to his real sentiments.

Lastly—or at least the last thing I shall here remark on—the natural man rises up in all his glory as a punster. There is perhaps nothing more disgusting to his neighbours. The man who whistles, the man who is in love, the man who talks football shop, the man who runs college magazines—all of these pale their ineffectual fires before him. Yet there is nothing more natural to man than to make puns, children revel in the most idiotic,

the stone age I conceive was worse plagued with them than with any other curse of primitive man, and *Pithecanthropus erectus*, if he was able to talk at all, punned like a Lamb. Only a long and severe course of civilisation has checked them, and even now they are not as extinct as might be wished. In Aristophanes they appear in all their native hideousness, "naked and not ashamed" like the rest of him. Nothing annoys one so much in him now as these silly puns; presumably they pleased at the time, but in that respect at any rate we may boast that our comic taste has improved since.

Yet all this revolt against constraint and civilisation has nothing bitter about it; it is always perfectly good humoured in spite of the satire which pervades and permeates it, and finds vent not in sneers but in open gigantic laughter. Often enough has it been seen that a great man has been disgusted by the falsehoods and hypocrisy which are in some degree necessary to society—only lately a very little man named Nordau has been holding forth about them—or by the lower animal nature which is the substratum of the human creature. Neither the one nor the other can be helped; society cannot exist without shams, and man cannot become an angel all at once. The wise and healthy mind will recognise this and make the best of it. But certain minds fix themselves upon the wrong side of the tapestry; they become embittered in consequence, and find vent in a satire which is not good-humoured but savage, not Aristophanic but—who has not already thought of the dreadful name of Swift? To him all the disagreeable part of life which we keep dark became so prominent, and so tortured his sensitive spirit that he could think of nothing else; hence rose like a Fury from the pit that "saeva indignatio" which lacerated a heart surely by nature loveable and noble, till it turned him into the most tremendous satirist the world has ever seen. Whoever reads the last voyage of Gulliver may well feel unclean until the evening and for many days. Like the old comedy, Swift cuts off from man all his nobler growth, and displays the ghastly skeleton beneath him, but instead of being a wholesome draught his comedy has become as the waters of Marah. Neither representation of man is true, but Swift pretends that his is so, and the horror of it is that he makes his reader think so too.

In Rousseau the revolt takes a diametrically opposite form. He says

that civilisation is a bad thing, and we ought to return to the happy state of things "when wild in woods the noble savage ran." If he had only known as much of savages as we do! But here we meet a philosophical theory, not literature. Such theories were familiar enough at Athens also.

A greater name by far than these will give us another example. There was a period in Shakespeare's life when that milk of human kindness which was so sweet in him, turned sour, when he wrote satire as bitter and almost as terrible as Swift's; *why*, we cannot tell, for no hand will lift the curtain that veils his inner life. It was the period of *Lear*, *Timon*, *Troilus*. But his divine nature righted itself again, and in his latest plays came back a serenity and sweetness all the more heavenly for the storm he had passed through.

"If after every tempest come such calms
May the winds blow till they have wakened death";

but I know of no parallel in literature. Dante's bitterest satire is uttered in the heaven of heavens.

All general and wide satire thus springs from the same root in our nature as does the earliest comedy. But the professional satirists, hideous owls like Juvenal, who screech in a night without moon or star, are a brood not to be mentioned in connection with such good company. They are to comedy as vinegar to wine, and they are not even sincere as Swift was. When satire informs and invigorates the comedy of manners, the later comedy which really *is* an imitation of life, then, indeed, we come to something of the same kind and to the one writer of comic drama* who is truly worthy to set beside Aristophanes, "Molière, ce moqueur grave comme un apôtre." Yet what a difference! that line of Hugo's is as admirable as a description of Molière as it would be absurd if applied to the other. In Molière the satire is indeed grave and serious; with all his unsurpassed comic power his greatest works are almost more like tragedies in tone and impression; and then the revolt in him is not against all society but only against

* The romantic comedy is here excluded as being altogether of a different type. *Twelfth Night* and *Amor Honor y Poder* and *La Boba para los Otros*, Hugo's *Esca*, and Musset's *Fantasio* may be a more delightful species of literature than anything else in existence, but strictly speaking can hardly be ranked as "comedy" proper.

court follies and aristocratic manners.* Yet what he loses in width, he makes up for again in other ways, in the magnificent characterization, in the common sense which goes beyond the flights of mere poetry as the common sense of Socrates did beyond the flights of Plato, in that depth of feeling and restrained passion which positively sometimes reminds one of Sophocles, as in the great scene of Agnès and Arnolphe, in that warfare upon cant and hypocrisy in which he again resembles Socrates and which makes some people so angry with him, in that power of treating an ethical subject all round from every point of view which makes *Le Misanthrope* so great—and so difficult to appreciate. Look at what Mr. Morley says about this same *Misanthrope* in his book on Voltaire, how he is puzzled with it, how angry he gets with this prodigious mind which is so wide in its view, that it cannot take up one side against the other. In truth he evidently has a well-grounded suspicion that if Molière had known him he would have laughed consumedly at *him*, the Right Honourable John Morley. And Schlegel had the same uneasy feeling too; Schlegel is of course one of the very silliest persons who ever undertook to criticise literature; he had immense knowledge and no judgment, he understood as much about poetry as comparative philologists usually do, he was “no true man” said Goethe. Such a person in the presence of Molière blinks like an owl in the sun, and of all his absurd criticism that upon Molière is probably, to use a celebrated phrase of his own, “the very vilest.”

However, the only modern writer in whom the genuine Aristophanic genius reappears is a man who did not write comedies—he could not have done it had he tried—a man whom it is hardly respectable to mention, Rabelais. One cannot recommend anybody to read him as a whole, for a great deal of him is really very dull, but everybody ought to know Besant’s delightful *Readings in Rabelais*. But after all the difference is very great. He has the same outrageous laughter, the same revolt against all constraint—and natural enough in him was this revolt, for at nine years of age he was

* Of course this is only a single detail in Molière among many others. Revolt is not the essential principle with him. He is the culmination of the later comedy, and hence it is that he draws upon Plautus and Terence when he adapts a play from the ancients. What could he have got from Aristophanes to suit his peculiar bent? It is a curious thing that the only successful adaptation of Aristophanes should have been made by, of all people, the sweet, tender and sublime Racine.

put into a monastery and all the joy of life cut off from him, and when he came out the rebound might be expected to be violent enough—but he was no Greek in spirit and had no sense of form, so that he often becomes utterly amorphous, the common snare of the humourist, and he had no lyric capacity. The “climbing apes” were there, but not the “singing nightingales,” to quote the phrase of Heine concerning Aristophanes. Panurge is the one modern example of the typical character of the old comedy, but where is the song of the Clouds or of the Birds? And, moreover, the whole thing is not worked out with the unity and thoroughness of the ancients. The great and wise Pantagruel is a noble figure in himself in the later books, but he is out of place in his surroundings.

As I have referred to Heine’s famous description, I will take this opportunity of observing that this revolt against convention is what Heine must have meant by his obscure phrase “world-annihilation.” It is out of a “world-annihilation,” he says, that springs the fantastic tree of Aristophanic comedy, with its climbing apes and singing nightingales. It means that Aristophanes first annihilates the *social* world and order in which we live, and then builds up his fantasies on the ground which remains, that is on the lower nature of man. This, too, is what Hegel was groping after when he talked of the “subjectivity” of comedy, which Mahaffy makes such fun of, and quite fairly. But they say that Hegel generally meant something if only you could find out what. Anyhow, this “subjectivity” is the individual rising up against society and everything outside him, and asserting his own will for the moment as the only law to be obeyed.

So far we have considered Attic comedy in its general aspect; now consider the particular circumstances in which Aristophanes found himself. He was an Athenian, shut up in the city by the exigencies of the war with Sparta. He lived when the new learning of the Sophists—which was like the criticism of the French *philosophes* in the last century—was overrunning Greece, and all the old beliefs, religious, moral, and social, were crumbling into chaos under that dissolving acid. He lived under a democracy, guided or humoured by statesmen of a type we know only too well in England.

Now the ordinary constraints of civilisation are nothing to the constraint

imposed by the war on the Athenians. They lived a free and easy life on their estates and farms, they hated being cooped up in the city and having all their vines and fruit-trees and crops destroyed. Of course therefore the spirit of revolt shows itself in violent attacks upon the war and everybody concerned with it. Aristophanes is for ever preaching peace; it is the natural instinct to avoid trouble and disagreeables; the higher policy, Pericles and the statesmen, may insist on the necessity and the advantages of war, but the natural man submits to it with grumbling, and his grumbling finds a furious voice in comedy. The *Peace* is entirely devoted to it, and there is hardly a play in which it does not turn up somewhere. Dicaeopolis triumphing over Lamachus is the blissful vision which fancy substitutes for the melancholy truth. But did Aristophanes *really* think the war was wrong? Goodness only knows.

In just the same way, comedy must always attack the prevailing party in politics. Whatever party is in power, the people must feel themselves to some extent constrained by it; they will always be to some extent "agin the Government." How could Aristophanes attack the oligarchs? There was no fun to be got out of them. Hence, his violent attacks upon Cleon (at least partly) and his perpetual girding against democracy. But how far was he in earnest? Goodness only knows.

Then again he attacks the new learning: the *Clouds* is entirely devoted to a satire upon Socrates, who is taken as the type of it. With the greatest recklessness for truth, Socrates is made out to be nothing but a Sophist of the worst kind, a teacher of immoral doctrines. The scientific theories of the Ionian "nature philosophers," for which we know that he had not the slightest sympathy, are thrust upon him. The promises of the rhetorician are put into his mouth. The very sophists upon whom he waged unrelenting war are all gathered up into a bundle and labelled Socrates, and combined with the personal peculiarities which marked him out as a natural butt for comedy. Was Aristophanes in earnest? He was a personal friend of Socrates, and on very good terms with him.

Euripides represented in literature the spirit of this new learning, which ruined the simplicity and grandeur of tragedy as it ruined everything else in the old order of things. And so he comes in for a copious rain of abuse. Was Aristophanes in earnest? He was a man of taste.

In these last instances you will say that this is not a revolt against the constraint of the higher life at all. To revolt in the name of Æschylus against Euripides is certainly not the revolt of the lower against the higher. No, but it *is* the revolt of the plain "common sense" man within us against ideas, philosophy, new notions which are difficult to grasp and comprehend unless we have been brought up in them. It is the same sort of uprising as we find among plain people against science, true or false, against new ideas in politics, right or wrong, against new schools of painting or music. And here, indeed, Molière walks hand in hand with Aristophanes. The indolent conservative within us is higher than the animal, but he is below the philosopher, below the man of ideas, as much as he is below the poet and creator.

But there is *one* thing against which a Greek will not rebel—art and the laws and limitations of art. As much waywardness and audacity as you please in the matter, but no tampering with the form. Obviously for an artist to rebel against the laws of his art is as suicidal as for a philosopher to try and overthrow the reason, and one might have hoped both to be impossible, but alas! experience shows that they are not. A better instance in the case of art cannot be wished for than is afforded by many of Browning's poems. No doubt it is a great nuisance and trouble to have to find rhymes, when you are bursting with noble and profound thoughts; which of us has not felt that? Browning felt it so keenly that he ruined *A Grammarian's Funeral* by such rhymes as *fabric* and *dab brick*, just out of spite and as a protest against the bondage of his art. It is largely because of his carelessness for form that the stream of Rabelais wanders into desultory dull marshes, and gets choked in noisome shallows. The same defect makes *Tristram Shandy* unreadable as a whole. This is indeed the natural besetting sin of humourists of this kind, and we may be thankful to the extraordinary conservatism of Athens in questions of artistic form, that their comedy escaped it as easily as their tragedy. For the wildest effusions of humour were confined within formal limits as strict as those of tragedy.

It is only consistent and reasonable that this immense topsy-turveydom, this annihilation of the world we live in, and substitution of an airy dream in which our unsophisticated unmoral nature emerges naked and unashamed, it is only right that the whole vision should be logically carried out, and

should end in a blaze of triumph, in the glorification of unrighteousness. In the *Birds* above all the wild schemer and dreamer Pisthetaerus, after building Clouduckootown in the air and reducing the gods to submission, marries Basileia the daughter of Zeus, and leaves the stage in a festal procession, burlesquing the attributes of Zeus himself. Modern critics have positively been offended by this climax; poetic justice, they conceive, demands that this audacious and impious rascal Pisthetaerus should be punished, that at least we should be given to understand that his triumph is but apparent. Poetic justice indeed! what has any kind of justice to do in a state of things where we are in revolt against every law? The dream of a world in which we can give full play to all our unregenerate instincts must be carried out at all hazards, the charming wild vision must be consummated and crowned, and die out like a glorious day in all the colours of the sunset. Time enough afterwards to wake up and go back to our black coats and high hats; let us dream the dream out.

"Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits, and then
Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!"

So the finale of the *Clouds* is the triumph of the average unreflecting man over new ideas, just as that of the *Birds* is the triumph of the natural desire of man to do what he likes over the limitations of space and time and the laws of the physical universe.

So closely are tragedy and comedy united in the ideas which lie at their root. For it is precisely the enforcement of these limitations which is the lesson of tragedy. Antigone loses her life for a convention which a hero of the old comedy would have laughed to scorn.* Ajax dies for a trifling religious matter which Pisthetaerus would have ranked with burglary, lying, and studies from the nude. Agamemnon is shown to us for a moment in the height of all his glory, only that he may be struck down by a dreadful doom. That we are to remember we are but men, that the mightiest may not presume, that

"The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things,"

that we can by no means do as we like, these are the lessons of tragedy.

* *Frogs*, 191.

And the old comedy turns it all inside out, and makes a world in which we can do exactly what we please without fear and without reproach.

To say much about the characters of the plays, after what has gone before, would be superfluous. The heroes, if heroes they can be called, are just what I have spoken of throughout, as the unregenerate natural man, absolutely selfish and unblushingly seeking to satisfy all his instincts, except the moral, which he hasn't got. For honour and reason, decorum and decency, he cares not a fig; he is simply a very clever animal, without the moral sense yet developed in him. From the intellectual point of view, he is the average common-sense man, who will not be taken in by any "bottled moonshine" of any philosopher or sophist, who has a profound disbelief in and contempt for science and everything that is at all above the run of his own ideas.* Herein indeed he resembles the man of the world whom we meet in the comedy of manners, the elderly hero of Terence or Molière. But to speak of the characters of Aristophanes as if they were on the same ground altogether as those of ordinary comedy, as Lessing and other critics do, is a great mistake. The aim of the old comedy was no representation of manners with mild sarcasm upon them, but a very different thing indeed, and the characters differ accordingly. There is indeed only one parallel to them with whom I am acquainted, Panurge. Caliban also, whom I suspect of being the offspring of Panurge by Sycorax, offers strong points of resemblance.

Yet even Strepsiades and his like profess a certain morality whenever it suits them so to do. They affect, perhaps they feel, the greatest indignation at certain crimes and misdemeanours; for example, Pisthetaerus rebukes the youth who comes to him wishing to be a parricide, Strepsiades objects to the "worse reason," the personified representation of rhetoric on the wrong side, on the ground that it is immoral. Yes, but the truth is that parricide and the new sophistry are both contrary to our natural instinct. There really are certain elementary laws of morality which are now as much instincts with us as eating and drinking, and the parricide seems to us below

* Hence the fact that the hero of the old comedy is an old man. The generosity and openness to impressions of youth unfit young men for the post; we want a cynic who has "seen through all that nonsense," who has "humé ses formules" as the old Marquis de Mirabeau had it, who understands the meaning of the proverb "*si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait!*"

the animal itself. Such laws as those do not interfere with our "subjectivity." And as to the "worse reason," it certainly is not its immorality that makes it a legitimate butt for the old comedy; this very Strepsiades is moving heaven and earth to escape payment of his debts. But also it must be admitted that Aristophanes is not consistent; his characters will, if it suit him, alter at a moment's notice just to raise a laugh; and in this broad farce it does not signify; there is no harm if they do. Compared with ordinary morality, one may say, the characters are immoral; as soon as they are confronted with any *new* immorality they become moral for the nonce, they at least assume the cloak of morality to defend themselves against the unfamiliar. For that is what men dislike in ethics, as in art, in medicine, in everything else—the unfamiliar.

There is one play of Aristophanes in which all this is changed—the *Plutus*. It does not belong to the old comedy at all, but to what is called the middle comedy. Plutus the god of wealth is blind, and therefore riches are unfairly distributed. The play shows how Plutus recovers his sight, and thereupon riches are divided properly—the good man gets more and the bad man gets less. What a change! This play is positively a sermon. The hero is not our old friend at all, he is virtue suffering under undeserved poverty and rewarded at the end. The dispute between poverty and wealth may remind us of the *Clouds*, but the whole air and sentiment is different. The people are ordinary people; we are approximating to the new theory of comedy, that it should be an imitation of real life. And, indeed, on *that* ground we should be justified in saying that *Plutus* is the best of all the extant plays of Aristophanes. We are called upon to sympathise with the honest Chremylus and rejoice in his good fortune, for all the world as if he were the Vicar of Wakefield.

But the new comedy has not yet found its legs. The abstract idea of Wealth personified is, as we can now see clearly, a mistake. He would have been all very well in the old comedy, but in his present surroundings he is a bore. *L'Avare* deals with a somewhat similar subject, but in how much more satisfactory a manner! How it would be spoilt if we had a blind god coming in to talk with Harpagon! The imitation of manners collapses at once in the presence of such a creature. In the wild fantastic world of the old comedy such allegories are quite in place. When we have Socrates

swinging in a basket discussing how many times a flea can jump the length of its own foot, a chorus of clouds floating in airy raiment and singing lovely melodies, an old Athenian gravely trying to cheat his creditors by the most nonsensical expedients, when we have all this astounding fabric of absurdities jostling one another, we are not in the least put out by a couple of figures coming on the stage labelled Right and Wrong, and disputing against one another. Simply because here we are not concerned with the imitation of real life at all; if we were, it would be a prodigious failure. No, what *is* a failure is not the *Clouds* but *Plutus*. It is neither fish, flesh nor fowl; it has relics of the old garments still hanging about it, while it is partly dressed in the new. Then again it has not enough plot for the comedy of manners; and so it is altogether a disappointing work, as much below the *Acharnians* and the *Birds* on the one side, as it is below *Phormio* and the *Rudeus*, *Tartufe* and *Le Joueur* on the other.

There is no end to what may be said further on this fascinating subject, which has here been only treated from one side, and that inadequately enough. But if you have got as far as this you are sufficiently bored, and I bethink me of another story.

Two respectable citizens, men of a dignified prosperity, were walking down Piccadilly and one of them holding forth to the other. Let him tell it in his own words, as he told it to somebody else, who told it to a friend of mine who told it to me. "I had got rather a nice point about Home Rule, and I had been explaining it with perspicacity and some degree of eloquence for about twenty minutes, and was wondering how he would answer it and what impression I had made upon him, when he looked up and said: 'What an extraordinary thing it is that two old men like Gunn and Shrewsbury should go on making such a lot of runs.'"

ARTHUR PLATT.



ORTRAIT OF PHILIP
CLISSETT. BY
MAXWELL BALFOUR.





A LADY IN BLACK.
DORA CURTIS.



SHADOWS.

THE long sad shadows lie across
The beauties of the day,
Youth's golden glories flicker low
And fade in mist away.
Hope pointed out a sunny road,
And on my forehead set
The gleaming aureole of success :
Yet could I but forget !

The Master gave into my hand
A store of talents rare,
But idle thoughts came by and stole
And hid I know not where ;
And one by one they slipped away—
How useless to regret—
For tended not seemed wanted not :
Oh, could I but forget !

THE QUARTO.

For, few indeed were left behind ;
But Hope passed near once more,
And gave the strength to make the few
Yield more than all before.
But Pride came too and worked with me,
And by his toiling sweat
The half corroded 'neath his touch :
And this I would forget.

Then Pride brought Selfishness and Sin,
And Sorrow and Distress,
Till Hope's bright road became, alas !
A weary wilderness.
Dark clouds obscured the sunny skies,
And driving winds and wet
Drove Hope away, left me alone :
Oh, could I but forget !

And while the wild winds mocked my grief,
Love struggled through the gale ;
The rudest storms make way for Love,
When even Hope must fail.
The gales of passion swept my soul,
When she and I first met ;
The grim past whispered in my ear :
If you could but forget !

But she was gentleness itself,
And pardoned all the past,
And helped me use the talent left,
The smallest and the last.
The golden sunshine of her smile
Is lingering with me yet ;
The subtle sweetness of her lips
'Twould ease me to forget.

Beneath her touch the buds of pain
Burst trembling into joy ;
And deeds where self was lost to sight
Would every hour employ.
Such blissful happiness to be
Stern Justice would not let,
But sent his dark-robed messenger :
Oh, could I but forget !

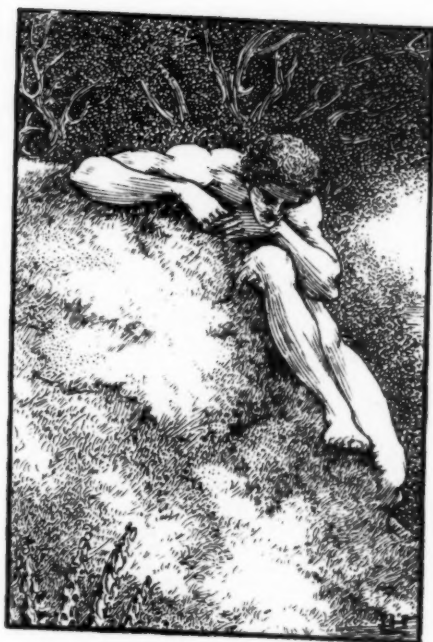
I saw the thread of life spun fine—
The lightest, airiest thread—
I could not lend my coarser strands
To hold her from the dead.
My life grows dark and darker still,
Close shadowed by regret,
The evening time is closing in :
Yet would I *not* forget.

M. C. O.



NTÆUS. BY LAU-

RENCE HOUSMAN.





"THRESHING."

MISS ELINOR MONSELL.

A PLAYER'S PLAINT.

How bitter-sweet my lot to touch thy hair,
 Whilst thy fair form close nestles on my breast.
Night after night to woo thee with Love's prayer,
 Watch for smile and list for thy behest.

What bliss—and oh! what pain with Passion's grace—
 Once conned by rote, now told in heart-whole beat—
To call a mist of love into thy face,
 Wooing a gracious answer at thy feet.

Oh! canst thou never see a man's heart burns
 With love of thee beneath the player's mask,
Or hear how still a soul's pure passion turns
 To life's reality the puppet's task.

Come where the daffodil's wide lamp illumines
 The flower-laid floor of Nature's broad-set stage,
Where sunlight rays replace the limelight fumes,
 And there rehearse thy love from thy heart's page!

Then if our dialogue should haply lack
 The bombast eloquence the theatre knew,
In silent love the woodland ways we'll track,
 Our kisses plenteous, if our "lines" be few.

W. HAMILTON FYFE.

SOME REVIEWS.

POEMS BY ROBERT BROWNING. With Illustrations by BYAM SHAW. London: George Bell & Sons.

That Mr. Byam Shaw has indeed illustrated these poems satisfactorily must be the verdict of Browning's many and enthusiastic admirers. That he has produced many vigorous and masterly drawings, marred however, at times, by faulty reproduction, or more correctly, by printing on a somewhat unsympathetic paper, is very certain. Versatile as he is, Mr. Shaw has not learnt the limitations of a cover, though with such good material he should surely have done better.

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A BRETON WOMAN.
R. SPENCE, A.R.E.

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it in so masterly a fashion as meets with the utmost approval, and we can wish for neither more nor less than he gives us.

In the drawing for "Endymion," where the type adds a new and harmonising ornament, in "Since Ariadne was a vintager," on page 46, and in half a score others, Mr. Bell shows how delightfully his graceful imagination can ring the changes. In the illustration to "Lamia," however, we sadly lack the spirit of the verse, Mr. Bell being apparently content to let well alone, when he had secured a page admirable only for its decorativeness. In "To Autumn," he confronts us with a Düreresque feeling. We must indeed accord a word of praise for the exquisite trifle—the book-marker—with a hope that it will find many imitators.

Altogether one might style this volume well worthy of the traditions of the house whose imprint it bears; and in conjunction with the Browning tempts us to look forward to a series whose title is but a tribute to the great poet whose verses form the first volume of that series. The publishers are indeed to be congratulated that two such volumes as the Browning and Keats should have both dated from them, and that both are being issued during the same season.

ADVENTURES IN TOYLAND. By EDITH KING HALL. Illustrated by ALICE B. WOODWARD. Blackie.

Messrs. Blackie have done wisely in asking Miss Woodward to undertake this book, for her delineation of childhood is at once clever and full of artistic quality. A child could wish for nothing more, unless it were one of Mr. Walter Crane's toybooks. A striking cover, plenty of charming illustrations, and the whole well printed, are merely obvious remarks. It is a matter for regret that Miss Woodward does not lay herself out to something more serious, for that she should be monopolized by the nursery is indeed our loss.

Whatever she works in does her credit. "Scratch paper," which has been termed a synonym for all that is bad, has no terrors for her, nor does she abuse the short cuts it enables the hard-worked illustrator to take. The little drawings at the end of Chapter I. and the beginning of Chapter II. are excellent examples of this. The drawings for "Proud Claribelle" are most ingenious and full of a quaint humour. The facetious waggoner is a delightful person, and the grocer in the next chapter will run him close for the favours of the children. The illustration in colours on page 138 is admirable in every way, with a most refined note of colour.

Of the text it were out of place to say anything in these pages—it has, however, found due appreciation in other quarters.

RED APPLE & SILVER BELLS. The Verses by HAMISH HENDRY. Ill. by ALICE B. WOODWARD. Blackie.

Miss Woodward has seldom accomplished anything better than the frontispiece, where she has used her reds and blacks in the most skilful manner, making it indeed far and away the best illustration in the book. The variation and arrangement of colour is in every way admirable. The little devices rounding off the verses and lettering are very well placed, showing not only a true appreciation for a pretty page, but that one may ornament such in no small degree by the judicious introduction of type.

Certain volumes issued from the "Bodley Head" are responsible for much in this book which is to be deplored, for quaint conceits and mannerisms are too individualistic to find place in another's work.

Mr. Hamish Hendry has delineated the moods and thoughts of childhood in a most sympathetic strain. "The First Line" or "Two Sides" are worthy of Stevenson at his best, and "The Plum-pudding Dream" is as rollicking as the staunchest admirer of the B. O. P. could wish. "A Rainy-day Rime" is full of truth, and has often been echoed before now. On page 84,

artist and author together have excelled, and it is an example of how decorative a few lines of the most everyday type can be made.

"Her Holiday" is the greatest success as far as illustrations are concerned, with a dainty full-page drawing recalling a flower-decked old-time garden; and quite a pathetic little tail-piece.

The publishers have done their best throughout the volume to work in harmony with the artist, and only those who have tried can appreciate the difficulties which occur at every hand's turn in building up a successful page.

STORIES & FAIRY TALES FROM HANS ANDERSEN. Translated by H. OSKAR SOMMER. With One Hundred Pictures by ARTHUR H. J. GASKIN. London: George Allen.

About a couple of years ago Mr. Gaskin treated us to a sumptuous edition of Hans Andersen, and so well did the volumes go off, that Mr. George Allen has now re-issued them in one volume. The red edges but ill accord with the otherwise admirable get up, nor can we quite imagine what purpose the colour serves.

Though scarcely on a level with the now classic volume of Grimm's Stories, illustrated by Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Gaskin has put some of his best work into these drawings.

True, at times he is a trifle too archaic in his method, when he harks back to mediæval woodcut without sufficient reason: seeing that the old illustrations were of necessity what they were, owing to what we would now deem impossible restrictions in reproduction.

How well a landscape can be set down in sober black and white has before now been demonstrated by Mr. New, and Mr. Gaskin ranks as his equal. Never was snow scene better portrayed than in the background of a drawing to the fourth story of "The Snow Queen": nor English life better delineated than by the cut on page 437, a rural scene full of atmosphere and country fragrance.

It is perhaps in "The Little Match Girl" that Mr. Gaskin is most in touch with the great master who never set down anything more touching than this. The drawing for "The Travelling Companion" shows a more judicious use of line than in the majority of cases, and the result is a distinct gain.

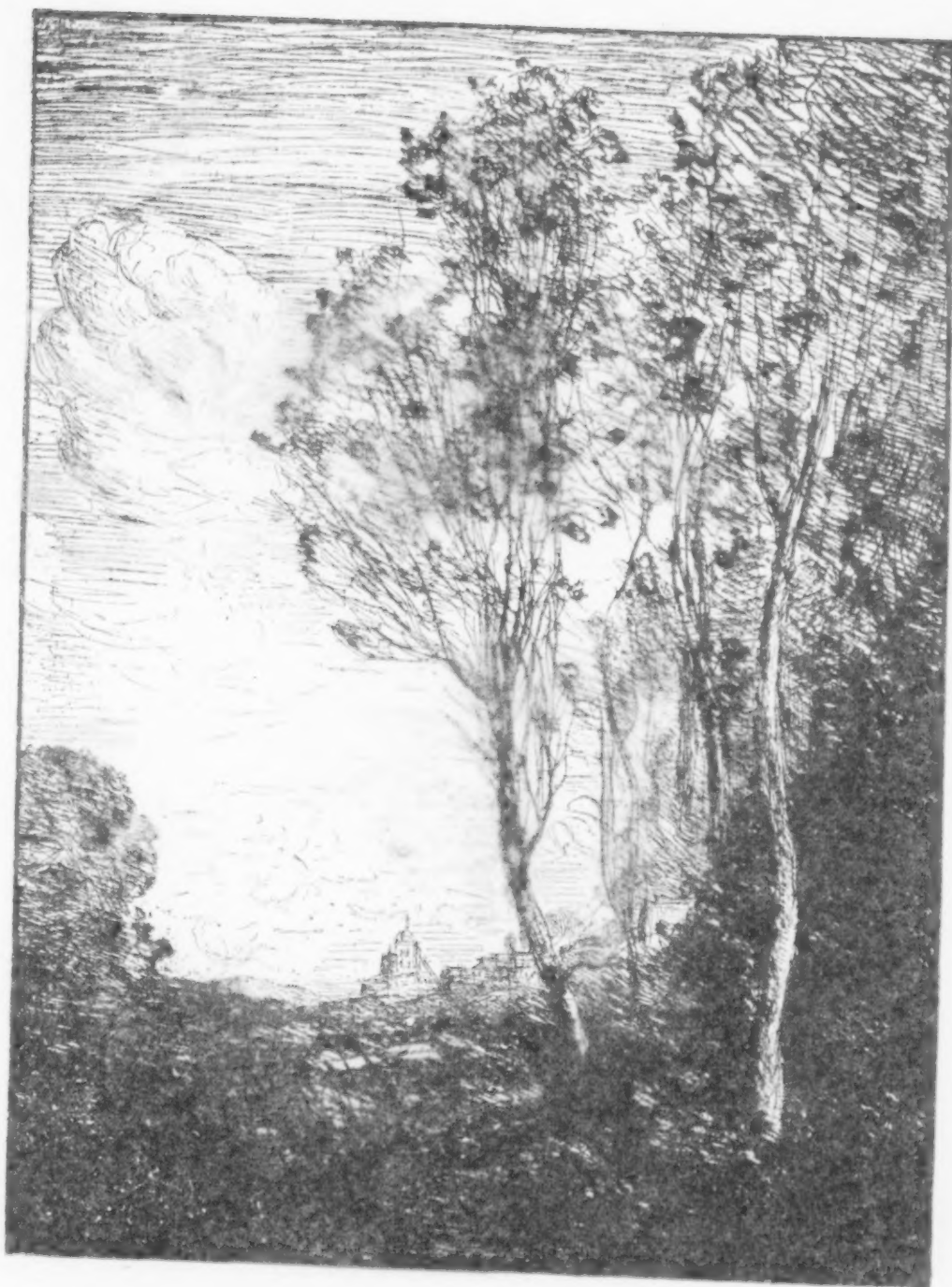
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The text is admirable, and though a translation is never wholly without faults, we have nothing but praise for that in this volume.

RENAUD OF MONTAUBAN. Now abridged & retranslated by ROBERT STEELE, & Illustrated by FRED MASON. George Allen.

In what sumptuous guise do we learn of the adventures of Renaud in the far-off days when Charlemagne held sway. We know by experience that whatever dates from Ruskin House is conspicuous for the good workmanship put into it. Apart from the earnest collaboration of artist and author, the publisher it is to whom we are so much indebted.

Good type; a margin neither too broad nor too narrow, totally unlike the ultra-artistic editions which of late have found so much favour—all go towards the building up of a volume worthy of the best traditions of Bookland.



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DRAWING
BY
COROT.

FROM "PEN
DRAWING
AND PEN
DRAUGHTS-
MEN."

artist and author together have excelled, and it is an example of how decorative a few lines of the most everyday type can be made.

"Her Holiday" is the greatest success as far as illustrations are concerned, with a dainty full-page drawing recalling a flower-decked old-time garden; and quite a pathetic little tail-piece.

The publishers have done their best throughout the volume to work in harmony with the artist, and only those who have tried can appreciate the difficulties which occur at every hand's turn in building up a successful page.

STORIES & FAIRY TALES FROM HANS ANDERSEN. Translated by H. OSKAR SOMMER. With One Hundred Pictures by ARTHUR H. J. GASKIN. London: George Allen.

About a couple of years ago Mr. Gaskin treated us to a sumptuous edition of Hans Andersen, and so well did the volumes go off, that Mr. George Allen has now re-issued them in one volume. The red edges but ill accord with the otherwise admirable get up, nor can we quite imagine what purpose the colour serves.

Though scarcely on a level with the now classic volume of Grimm's Stories, illustrated by Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Gaskin has put some of his best work into these drawings.

True, at times he is a trifle too archaic in his method, when he harks back to mediæval woodcut without sufficient reason: seeing that the old illustrations were of necessity what they were, owing to what we would now deem impossible restrictions in reproduction.

How well a landscape can be set down in sober black and white has before now been demonstrated by Mr. New, and Mr. Gaskin ranks as his equal. Never was snow scene better portrayed than in the background of a drawing to the fourth story of "The Snow Queen": nor English life better delineated than by the cut on page 437, a rural scene full of atmosphere and country fragrance.

It is perhaps in "The Little Match Girl" that Mr. Gaskin is most in touch with the great master who never set down anything more touching than this. The drawing for "The Travelling Companion" shows a more judicious use of line than in the majority of cases, and the result is a distinct gain.

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Decorative borders displaying a knowledge of botany which many a slipshod designer might well study, are the chief feature of the book. Quite excellent is the full-page title, revelling in a wealth of hops and their attendant poles. With good effect has he used his masses of black and white.

Notwithstanding the unavoidable lack of colour, the borders are worthy of the most painstaking mediæval illuminator. In that facing page 96, he introduces the "stork's bill" with striking effect, the seed pods lending a charming note of colour. Pity is it that the drawing therein contained is so reminiscent of one of Dalziel's famous cuts. Further on in the book, King Yon's sister sits embowered in a "rosary," the denizens of which, aptly enough, are disporting Cupids. Not a little of the pre-Raphaelite sentiment pervades this drawing, but Mr. Mason has culled his flowers from many sources, and welded them into a glowing mass, forming a posy redolent of his own personality.

A graceful border, all in contrast to the grim illustration which it encloses, faces page 160; the whole is one of the best of many good drawings in the book.

In the scholarly translation, which has suffered nothing from the necessary abridgment, Mr. Robert Steele has given us the pleasure of having access to yet another of the old romances in accessible form.

Quite one of the best books of the year, it is to be hoped that the ill effects of one of the worst seasons the publishers and booksellers have had to contend with will not affect it, for in these days of ephemeral literature and commercial illustrations, it were indeed a bitter fate that condemned the all too few real books to go to the wall through lack of appreciators, and what is more to the point—purchasers.

A BOOK OF NURSERY RHYMES.

Illustrated by FRANCIS D. BEDFORD. Methuen & Co.

These bright and amusing pages by Francis D. Bedford should please the most fastidious child; that is, if there is such a one still unprovided for.

He uses his colours with pleasing restraint. It is easy to run riot with brilliant masses of colour, but unless used most cleverly, they tend to destroy harmony as surely as they cloak the other good qualities the artist may display.

"The Country's now in all its pride" is a most graceful drawing and well suggests the title "A Song of Spring." Further on the "Winter Song" equally well denotes the sadly altered time of year.

Throughout the lettering is good, and the head-pieces, slight as they are, are in reality ornaments to the page. Some of the verses do not follow very closely on other editions better known, and in every probability more correct.

To say that the colour printing is by Mr. Edmund Evans is to say that it is all that could be desired.

In his work he harks back a little to the favours and fancies of Miss Kate Greenway, whose work is still a never-failing source of delight, and whose influence we would be the last to deplore. We hope for still better things from Mr. Bedford, who, in keeping the old ideals well in view, is working in the right direction.

PEN DRAWING & PEN DRAUGHTS-MEN.

By JOSEPH PENNELL. Macmillan & Co.

The critic who at this time of day reviews the third edition of a book, which might fairly claim to be the classic of its kind, is thereby running the risk of being universally condemned. The fact of the volume being ushered in as it was with salvoes of applause, renders it now impossible to do aught but follow on in the same direction; which is just what one ought to do, seeing that it is the right one.

One may hail this edition as an excuse for praise which could not, under the circumstances, have been given before. Nor must we forego our congratulations of the British Public; the long-suffering "B. P.," abused at every hand's turn for its lamentable lack of taste and want of selection. For in buying largely it has bought wisely and well, which but demonstrates it to be a matter of congratulation all round.

The terse and graphic lines heralding each drawing, convince us that Mr. Pennell has many household gods, each holding premier pride of place until the next comes into view.

Through Mr. Pennell's exertions, however, we are brought into touch with artists of whom we knew nothing, and of whom, but for him, we would still know nothing, seeing the difficulties of satisfactorily tapping the many sources he has drawn from for us, without well-organized effort. The views expressed in the editing of such a volume must necessarily conflict at times with one's preconceived opinions, but we may be pardoned in thinking that Mr. Pennell is somewhat hasty in his verdicts.

In many instances he has selected drawings, whose faults were obvious even did he not so unkindly insist on them. Such should find no place in the book, seeing that it was probably as easy to select other drawings by the same men, in which these accidental faults do not occur. To say that the drawing by Puvis de Chavannes is "a good example of this master's simple primitive style" is but a poor apology for a weak drawing.

That by Forain as an example of engraving is excellent, but otherwise its appearance serves no purpose in a book given over to pen drawing. Similarly those on pages 101, 263, and 458, and others up and down the book; whilst a sheet from one of the Kelmscott Press editions, beyond being a splendid piece of decoration, is absolutely out of place.

This leads one to the remark that it is a pity that the volume has not been brought up-to-date; as witness the now ridiculous paragraph opposite this same sheet, or again the statement that he has only seen two of Mr. Dewar's drawings.

Apart from these blemishes Mr. Pennell has laid before us a storehouse comprehensive in its catholicity, and affording food for much study.

Dwellers in perfidious Albion will be not a little elated at the proud position which Mr. Pennell reserves for our English pen artists, not a whit undeserved to judge by the examples he gives. For collectively they rank second to none. As regards individuals, it were odious and in bad taste to draw comparisons.

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For the consolation of the timid, it is but fair to him that he adds that *any* drawing can be reproduced *if* some one is willing to pay for it.

Mr. Pennell has not dug and worried in museums and magazines without ferreting out something, and the many scores of examples bear witness to his almost unfailing good judgment and knack of hitting on just the right drawings by the right men.

ENGLISH ILLUSTRATION. "THE SIXTIES," 1857-70. By GLEESON WHITE. Archibald Constable & Co.

It is strange that the era when Dundreary whiskers and crinolines were in fashion, should go down to posterity as the period when we possessed a legion of illustrators who, unsurpassed for the thoroughness and masterful spirit of their drawings, and hampered as they were by the much-abused, and often deservedly abused, wood-engravers who formed the chorus of Rossetti's plaint, presented us with a "garden of pleasant delites"—fragment of an old-time pleasaunce—from which Mr. Gleeson White has gathered us a magnificent and stately bouquet.

A small library in itself, it eloquently shows the thoroughness with which Mr. White has built up



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"English Illustration"; which, apart from the dozens of illustrations and store of learning and scholarship within, contains all the accidents of a book among books, and references making up a record complete in its minuteness and correctness of detail and absolute finality which leaves the book once and for all *the* book on the subject. Good taste, and the good taste not only of the bookman in thorough accord and sympathy with his theme, but also that of an artist in all but name, obtains throughout.

Here then is a substitute in handy form, for the dozens of books and magazines in which the drawings first appeared. To make anything like a complete collection of these is out of the question, as the hobby of which this is the outcome (though the book was mooted long before the majority ever dreamed of the treasures that the bookstalls contained) has sent up the prices enormously, so that, for instance, copies of the "Arabian Nights" and "Millais' Parables," which might easily have been purchased at half a crown are now double and treble that value. We may add that the majority of the books and magazines of that period is chiefly made up of poor chaff.

We must regret the absence of the unsurpassed drawings by Millais and Rossetti for Moxon's "Tennyson"; but the conditions under which these could have been obtained rendered their inclusion quite impossible.

The most melancholy fact we learn from these pages is that a series of drawings by Sandys, illustrating "The Story of Joseph," and which had gone so far as the completion of several drawings, was projected, only to be cancelled by the publisher. All too little work has Sandys done that we should have thus lost so much. Appropriately, as befitting this very Colossus, are three of his drawings reproduced in photogravure. They show a wealth of detail and draughtsmanship which an engraver could not have rendered.

To Millais also, though his work at times rose no higher than the commonplace, are we deeply indebted; indeed many deem him the foremost English illustrator.

To particularise further were impossible where such a multitude cry out for recognition; but besides Sandys and Millais, Mr. White does full justice to Rossetti, Fred Walker, Lawless, Houghton, and du Maurier, who all figure largely in this delightful book; while a host of other drawings, the work of men no less notable, are included.

Mr. Gleeson White loves his volumes too well to give aught but the best of everything. One of his best designs decorates the cover. Besides this, binding, paper, the arrangement of drawings, the invaluable index, the classification used; in short, the hundred and one things inseparable from a book worth having and keeping, are all here, and Messrs. Constable have most conscientiously carried out their share in the work and spared no expense in making the book well worthy of this, the "golden age of illustration."

CHARLES KEENE: His Life and Works. By JOSEPH PENNELL. London: Fisher Unwin, & Bradbury, Evans & Co.

In this splendid book, whose only fault (if we except the somewhat showman-like remarks set down below the drawings) is the superabundance of margin and consequent bulkiness of volume, Mr. Pennell has put before us in most delightful manner scores of marvellous drawings, and not a few masterpieces.

Save by his intimate friends, Keene was too little known. The public revelled only in his drawings for *Punch*, which, after all, were but one phase of his art. Herein he is proved to be a master of landscape as well as a master amongst caricaturists.

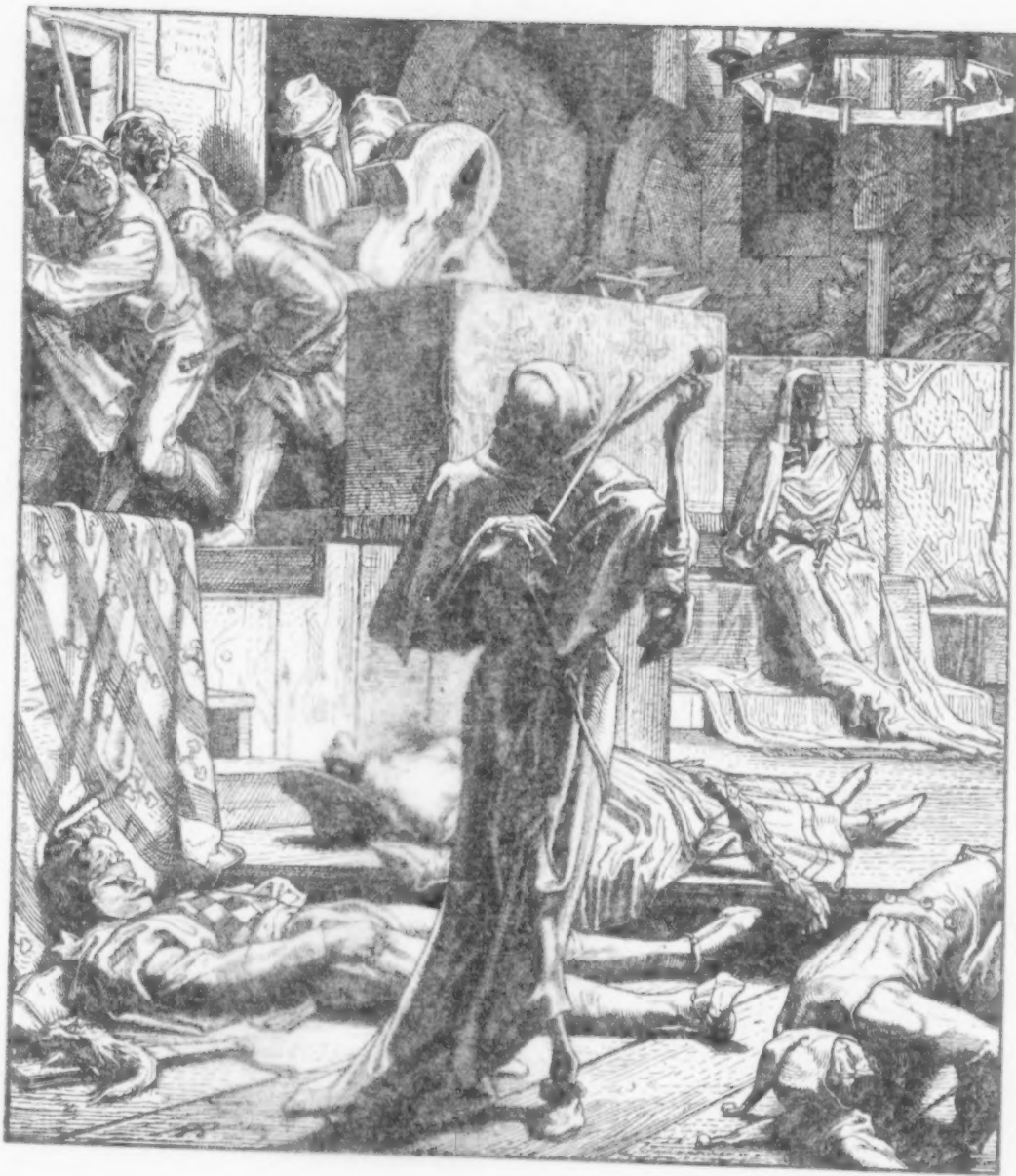
In the various studies, where he was unhampered by the limitations which governed his finished work, he was at his very best.

The charcoal drawing, which we reproduce by the kind permission of the publishers, more eloquently demonstrates the worth of so magnificent a book, than mere words. Without it many columns would not suffice for a due appreciation of the drawings, and of the trouble and pains which Mr. Pennell must have taken in getting his materials together, and in disposing of them with such discretion.

**SPIKENARD. A VOLVME OF SACRED
LOVE POEMS. By LAVRENCE HOVSMAN. Grant Richards.**

For the greater confusion of critics already confounded are set down these verses; for Mr. Housman is more Roman than the most Catholic. And yet, oddly enough, he avowedly bases his muse on George Herbert, to whom "Spikenard" is sincerest flattery embodied. But Herbert never did anything more out of the way than the lines on Christ's letter. It is rumoured that the printers were temporarily held up owing to the number of T's used. A charming cover hides many delightful pages, from which, however, affectation is not wholly banished. It may sound like a confession of ignorance, but we cannot help saying, the poems are less involved, and so far more intelligible, than those in "Green Arras" and elsewhere. To individualize, where the whole poem cannot be quoted, is not a little hard on the author; so must we be content to use the trite form that this little book is indispensable to the public—that is Mr. Housman's public, and they are all enthusiasts. So the book will fall into right hands.

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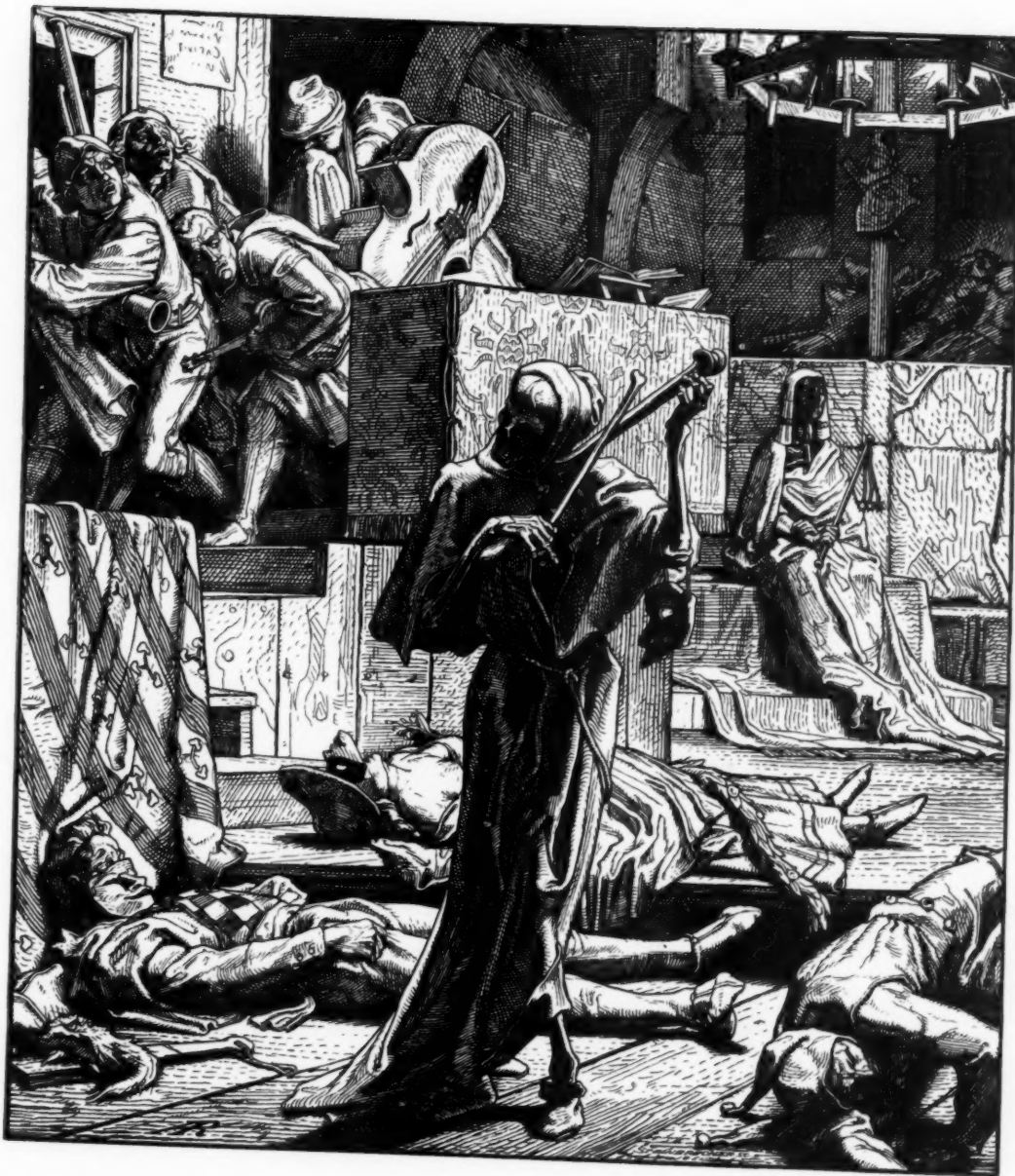


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